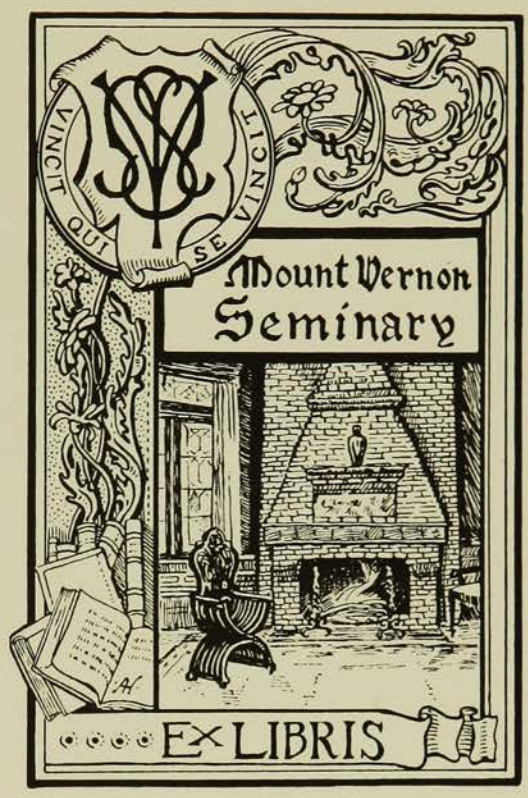
The Cupola

1925



Eleanor Louise Haigh - '26.




VINCIT QUI SE VINCIT
Mount Vernon
Seminary
EX LIBRIS

Eleanor Hargis Gore '26.

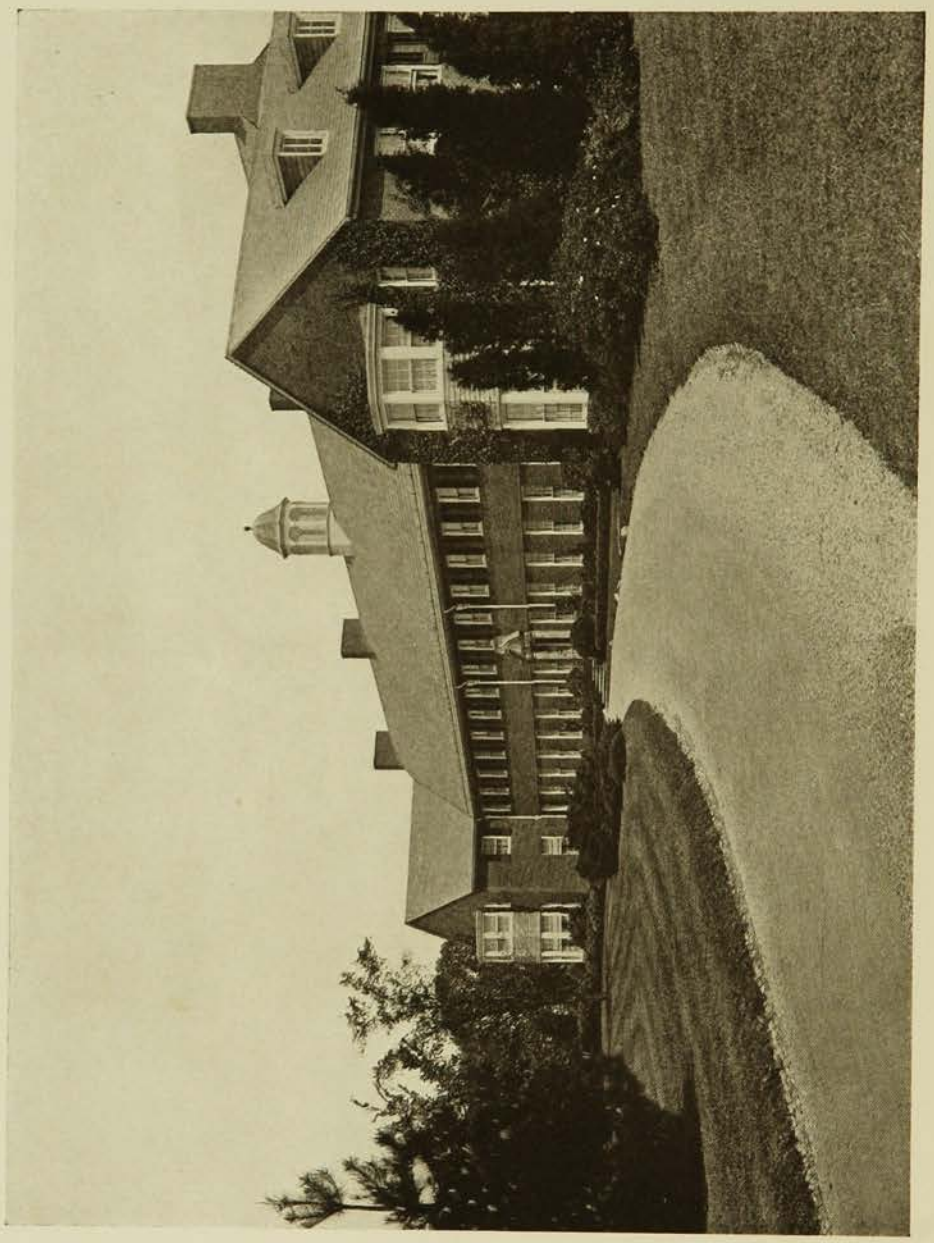
The Cupola

VOL. III.

MT. VERNON SEMINARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1925



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The Cupola Board

of 1925

dedicates

This Jubilee Book

To

Mount Vernon Seminary

the old and the new

To

The Alumnae

who have given the school its traditions

and

To

Mary Strachan,

president of the senior class,

whose unconscious influence

has for six years

helped to make for honor and integrity

and school spirit

in

its finest sense



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THE HISTORY OF MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY had its beginning in a quiet home at 204 F Street. There, fifty years ago, about twenty girls studied under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth J. Somers, whose influence in their lives was never effaced. Those daughters of the former Mt. Vernon Seminary will always remember the homelike atmosphere and spirit of comradeship that Mrs. Somers created. This pleasant family of hers soon outgrew the accommodations of her home, and, five years after the founding of the school, the house at the southwest corner of Eleventh and M Streets was acquired. But the number of pupils continued to increase, and the demand for even more space resulted in the purchase of additional property that of Mr. Noyes, the editor of "The Evening Star." Mr. Noyes' house was enlarged, and in 1902 Senior House was added to the group of buildings.

Though the school had expanded as far as possible in all directions, the need for accommodations was not satisfied, and Mrs. Somers wisely realized that she must find another and larger home. The idea came to her that, by incorporating the school, a new institution with an assured future might be formed. But, before the far-sighted founder could execute her plans, failing health forced her to retire. So it was not until 1916 that Mrs. Somers' dreams materialized, when the incorporation was carried on by Mrs. Adelia Gates Hensley, who, for many years, had been associate head mistress. Under a board of directors, with Mrs. Hensley as president, a non-profit-making institution was established, and a site on Nebraska Avenue chosen as the permanent home of Mount Vernon Seminary. But the cost of erecting a desirable building was found to be prohibitive for the funds then in the possession of the school. Mrs. Hensley, however, was not a woman to be discouraged by difficulties, once she had determined on a course to pursue. She asked the old girls to make loans to the Mount Vernon Seminary on unprotected notes, giving her word as security. Large sums of money were advanced; Mrs. Hensley's word was security enough. The school also borrowed heavily of several banks in Washington. By 1923 all the securities advanced by the Alumnae had been repaid. When Mrs.

330



Hensley died, her "debts of honor," as she called them, had been met in full and the indebtedness to the banks reduced.

In 1917 a spacious building of Georgian architecture opened its friendly doors to old and new pupils. Since that time many girls have entered these doors; entered and left them finer and better women for the years spent within.

Yet the school, so happily established, was to experience two losses. In November, 1923, Mrs. Hensley died. This was a great grief to all who had known her and had felt her inspiring influence. In the following June, Mrs. Somers also passed away. Miss Jean Dean Cole then took over the responsibility laid down by Mrs. Hensley, and continued the work that Mrs. Somers had started.

Now, in the Spring of 1925, the Alumnae are erecting on the school grounds a memorial chapel to the founder. Within the chapel an organ dedicated to Mrs. Hensley will be built—on May 23rd to be played at the school's Golden Jubilee; Mount Vernon Seminary may pause to look back over fifty years of progress—golden years of earnest endeavor, devotion, and accomplishment.

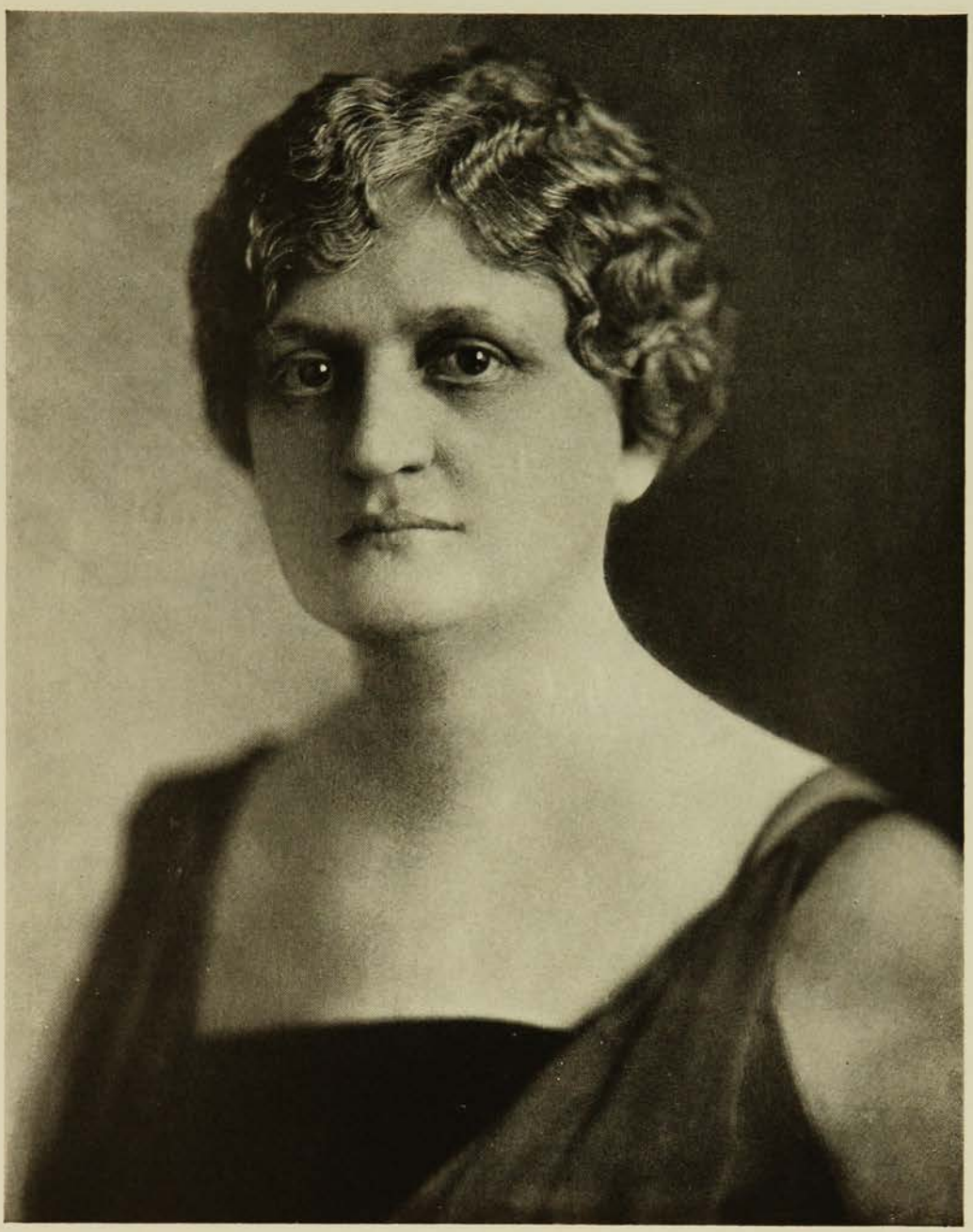
But the complete history of the school is not written until an insight into the characters of its three head mistresses has been gained. For they gave to Mount Vernon Seminary its spirit and its standards, and what the school is today is due most of all to their personal contributions. Mrs. Somers believed that living is a fine art and should be cultivated by those attributes which make it so—gentleness, courtesy, and consideration. She gave to the daughters of Mount Vernon Seminary her love of beauty and high regard for the qualities of a true gentlewoman. Mrs. Hensley contributed her unfailing sympathy to the spirit of the school and to its ideals her absolute integrity of heart and mind. One cannot mention Mrs. Hensley without also speaking of Miss Cole, the present head mistress. For years, Miss Cole, as associate principal, by her industry, her courage, and her progressivism, put the policies of Mrs. Hensley into practical action. Miss Cole's vitality and force inspire in the girls a desire for progress and self-improvement. She is a fit guardian of all that is finest in the school, and under her, it may look forward to a sure future as well as back to an honorable past.

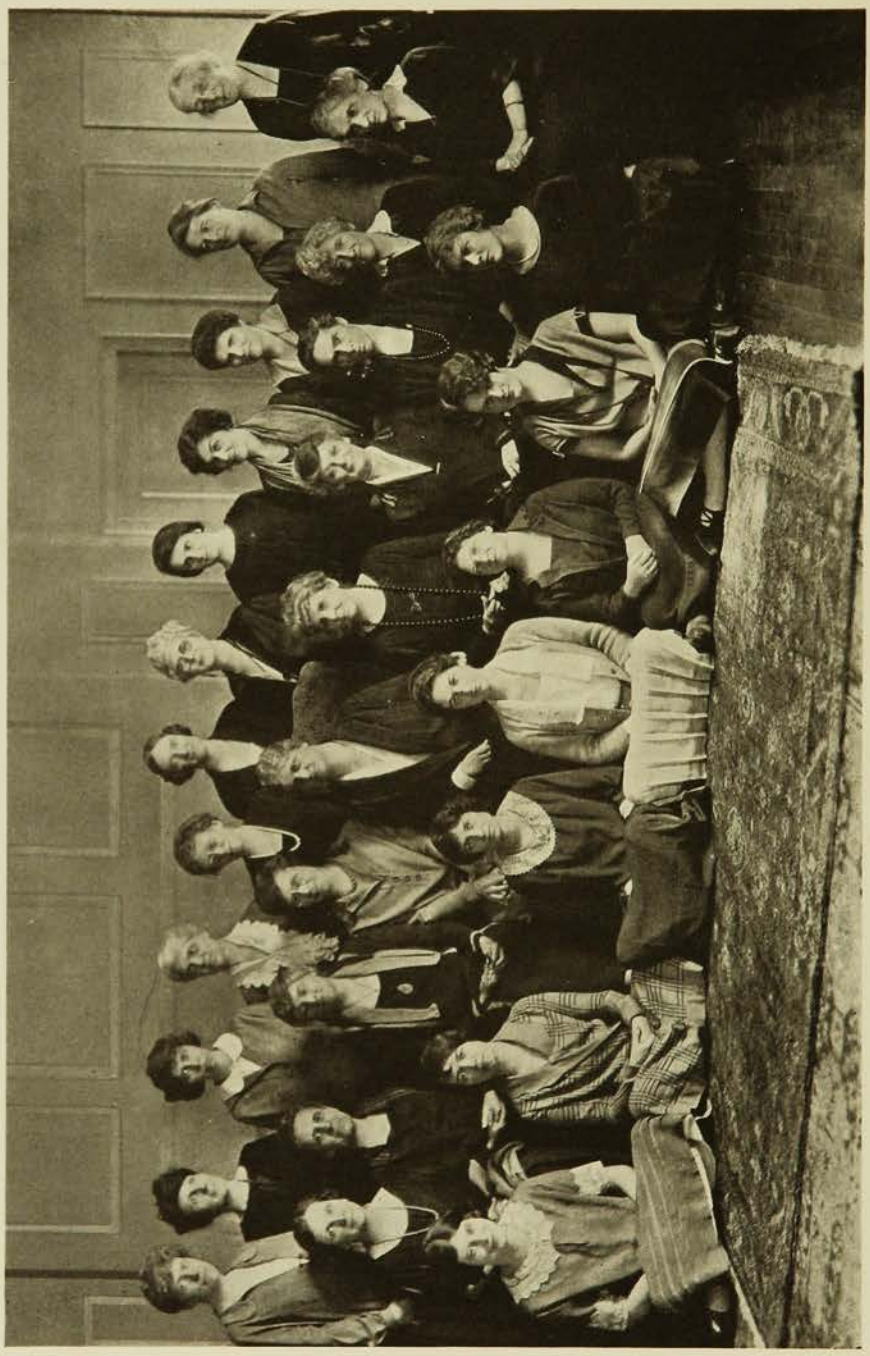
ISABEL CREED.











FACULTY

Miss Jean Dean Cole
Miss Wilfreda J. Messenger
Miss Katharine Hill
Miss H. Grace Brouse
Miss Frances DeVilla Ball
Miss Margaret Barber
Miss Catherine S. Blakeslee
Mrs. Edyth M. Brosius
Miss Grace E. Carroll
Miss Frances Chickering
Miss Constance Churchyard
Miss Edith Denison Cook
Miss Eleanor Bryant Craig
Miss Frances A. Davis
Mme. Fernande Desprez
Miss Alice E. Edwards
Miss Maude Frances
Miss Helen Froeligh
Miss J. Lorna Guard
Miss Mildred Hanna
Miss Elizabeth Alger Hillyar
Miss Alice B. Hopkins
Mrs. Charlotte Guard McAllister
Miss Evelyn Mallard
Miss Elizabeth F. Mann
Miss Louise J. Martin
Mrs. Netta C. Murphey
Mrs. Adela Kleinschmidt-Payne
Mme. Eleanore Peltier
Miss Florence Peters
Miss Lillian Piper
Miss Elsa Louise Rainer
Mrs. Alys M. Rickett
Miss Margaret M. Slauson
Miss Allene Stuart
Miss Helen A. Treyz
*Miss Alice M. Trippett
Miss Harriet B. Walker

*Year's leave of absence.





CUPOLA STAFF

Faculty Advisers—Miss Barber, Miss Churchyard
Editor-in-Chief—Berenice Maxwell
Assistant Editor—Helen Young
Advertising Manager—Ruth Martin
Business Manager—Genevieve Stewart
Literary Editor—Alice Campbell
Assistant Literary Editor—Isabel Creed
Art Editor—Mary Morton
Athletic Editor—Eleanor Hayden
Assistant Athletic Editor—Elizabeth Bennett
Joke Editor—Cherry Stephenson
Dramatic Editor—Rosemary Ames
Photograph Editor—Hortense Coyle




CLASSES



Miss Eleanor Craig

Class Mother

SENIOR CLASS

Class Motto: Veritas Class Flower: Delphinium

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Mary Strachan
Vice-President—Rosemary Ames
Secretary—Mary Morton
Treasurer—Helen Young

Rosemary Ames
Gwendolyn Atwood
Sarah Banks
Elizabeth Burdell
Elizabeth Burgoyne
Emma Carter
Jane Connell
Hortense Coyle
Helen Curtis
Dorothy Davidson
Dorothy Fulton
Marian Gaffney
Beulah Gibbons
Julia Hase
Hulda Hayssen
Patricia Healy
Frances Heckert
Margaret Heckert
Maxine Jenkins
Gladys Karel
Ruth Martin
Berenice Maxwell
Mary Morton
Elizabeth Paxton
Josephine Pease
Grace Poole
Virginia Roediger
Harriet Snider
Mary Strachan
Howard Vrooman
Helen Young





To the
president of
a wonderful
class - oh I'm
going to miss
you all so!!

ROSEMARY AMES

"Rosy"

Chicago, Illinois

Four Years

Dramatics, '23-'24-'25
Optima, '23-'24-'25
French Club, '24-'25
President Junior Class, '24
Basketball, '23-'24-'25
Baseball, '22-'23
Hockey, '22-'23
Secretary Optima, '25
Vice-President French Club, '25
Vice-President Senior Class, '25
Joke Editor of Cupola, '25
Commencement Play, '24

"Imagination rules the world"





GWENDOLYN ATWOOD
"Gwen"
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Four Years
French Club, '25
White Class President
Basketball, '22-'23-'24-'25
Captain Basketball, '23-'24-'25
Hockey, '22-'23
Hockey Captain, '23
Swimming, '22-'23-'24-'25
Varsity Basketball, '25
Captain Swimming, '25
Choral Club, '22-'23-'24-'25
President Choral Club, '25
Dramatics, '23-'25
Secretary Junior Class, '24
Choir, '22-'23-'24-'25
White Class
"When I hear music, I fear no danger"





Sarah Banks

"Bessie"

Little Rock, Arkansas

Two Years

Walking Club, '25
Basketball, '25

"There is no law so strong which a little gladness may not transgress"



Best luck to
you next
year. I know
you'll make
a wonderful
president —
love from
Burdell

ELIZABETH BURDELL

"Burd"

Augusta, Georgia

Two Years

Optima, '24
Walking Club, '25
Dramatics, '25

"Life is not for complaint, but for satisfaction"





Success to you
in the
future
"Libby"

ELIZABETH BURGOYNE

"Libby"

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Two Years

Optima, '25
Dramatics, '24-'25
Walking Club, '25
Commencement Play, '24

"Nothing is so attractive and unceasingly curious as character"



Best love to Eleanor
and best wishes for
a most successful
senior year

EMMA CARTER

Knoxville, Tennessee

Two Years

Walking Club, '25
Director of Domestic Science, '25
Treasurer of Domestic Science, '25

"It is the lowest pulsation which is the most vital"





Lots of love
"Janie"

JANE CONNELL

"Janie"

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Three Years

Choral Club, '24-'25
Choir, '24-'25
White Class

"It is much easier to be good when living with people who laugh"





All best wishes
to you and the
class of '26.
Love
Hortense

HORTENSE COYLE

"Hortie"

Buffalo, New York

Two Years

Optima, '24-'25
French Club, '25
Secretary of Lend-a-Hand-Society, '25
Photograph Editor of Cupola, '25
Swimming, '24
Dramatics, '25

"Actions are more precious than words"

With just all the love in the world to the sweetest president of '26!
Lovingly, Helen.



HELEN CURTIS

"H. L."

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Two Years

Optima, '24-'25
Dramatics, '24-'25

"Beauty is always queen"



The best of love to you,
Eleanor, and all success
to '26 —

DOROTHY DAVIDSON

"Dee"

Omaha, Nebraska

Four Years

Yellow Class
Dramatics, '23-'24
Swimming, '22-'24-'25
Board of Directors of Domestic Science, '24
Baseball, '23

"Love is the beginning, the middle and the end of everything"





DOROTHY FULTON

"Dodo"

Los Angeles, California

Two Years

Choir, '24-'25
Choral Club, '24-'25
Swimming, '24

"The force of her own merit makes her way"





MARION GAFFNEY
"Gaf"
Los Angeles, California
Three Years

Basketball, '22-'23
Captain of Basketball, '22-'23
Baseball, '22-'23
Swimming, '23
Hockey, '22-'23
Tennis Singles, '22-'23
Tennis Doubles, '22-'23
Dramatics, '23
Optima,' 23-'25
Vice-President Athletic Association, '25
White Class

"The man is the richest whose pleasures are the cheapest"





With all good wishes and the best of luck for you—
"Buddie"

BEULAH GIBBONS

"Buddie"

San Francisco, California

Two Years

Dramatics, '25
Choral Club, '24-'25
Choir, '24-'25
Swimming, '24

"Goodness is the only investment that never fails"





Good luck to you next year and I hope you will love M. U. S. as much as I do.

Julia

JULIA HASE

"Hos"

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Five Years

Yellow Class
Choral Club, '21-'22-'25
Choir, '21-'22-'23
Walking Club, '25
Director of Domestic Science, '24
Treasurer of Lend-a-Hand, '25

"Only he is greatly related to mankind,
who has all mankind for his friend"





Best Wishes for "26"
and the wonderful leader-
Hulda

HULDA HAYSSEN

"Huldy"

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Two Years

Walking Club, '25

"You must have a genius for charity as well as for anything else"





I will lead you
Love Pat

PATRICIA HEALY

"Pat"

Ogden, Utah

Three Years

President of Walking Club, '25
Walking Club, '24-'25
White Class
French Club, '25
Dramatics, '24-'25
Commencement Play, '24
Choral Club, '24-'25
Choir, '24-'25

"Such humor as distils from blessed gods"





Thoughts of you will come at times
when is invited here
below
Love 'n Kisses
"Billie"

FRANCES HECKERT

"Fran"

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Two Years

Cheer Leader, '24
French Club, '25
Dramatics, '25

"Our thoughts are the epochs in our lives"

May Peace be with you always
Sincerely Yours



MARGARET HECKERT

"Margy"

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Two Years

Cheer Leader, '24
Swimming, '24

"It is very admirable to possess an artistic soul"



MAXINE JENKINS

"Max"

Fairmont, West Virginia

Three Years

White Class
Dramatics, '23-'24-'25
Commencement Play
President of Lend-a-Hand Society, '25
Treasurer of Board of Directors of
Domestic Science, '24

"In order to do great things, one must be enthusiastic"





Dear I know you'll make a fine valedictorian for the class of '26.
Love
Dad

GLADYS KAREL

"Gladdie"

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Two Years

Dramatics, '24
Commencement Play, '24
Walking Club, '25

"The language of friendship is not words, but meanings.
It is an intelligence above language"





RUTH MARTIN

"Punk"

Melrose, Massachusetts

Two Years

Optima, '24-'25
Choral Club, '24-'25
Choir, '24-'25
Advertising Manager of Cupola, '25
Basketball, '24-'25
Dramatics, '24-'25

"Her voice was propertied as all the tuned spheres"



Best luck
and heaps
of love
"Beanie"
("Don't mind
the slats!)

BERENICE MAXWELL
"Beanie"
Kansas City, Missouri
Two Years

Editor-in-Chief of Cupola, '25
Literary Editor of Cupola, '24
Basketball, '24-'25
French Club, '24
Dramatics, '24-'25
Commencement Play, '24
Choral Club, '24-'25
Optima, '24-'25
Choir, '24-'25
Highest Scholastic Average, '24
Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club, '25
Toastmistress Junior Banquet, '24

"I have no sceptre, but I have a pen"





I wish you all kinds of success next year- all love "Morty"

MARY MORTON

"Mortie"

Oakland, California

Two Years

Secretary of French Club, '25
Optima, '24-'25
Treasurer of Junior Class, '24
Secretary of Senior Class, '25
Basketball, '24-'25
Dramatics, '24
French Club, '25
Art Editor of Cupola, '25

"All passes. Art alone enduring stays to us"





Best of luck, El, dear, for a wonderful Senior year. I'm sure it will be so, under your fine leadership. Loads of love, Betty

ELIZABETH PAXTON

"Betty"

Omaha, Nebraska

Four Years

Optima, '23-'24-'25
President of Optima, '25
Walking Club, '23-'24-'25
Secretary and Treasurer Walking Club, '24
Choral Club, '24-'25
Choir, '24-'25
French Club, '25
Yellow Class
Recording Secretary of M. V. S. Society, '24-'25

"Common sense is the genius of our age"



JOSEPHINE PEASE

"Joe"

Hinsdale, Illinois

Two Years

General Manager of Basketball, '25
General Manager of Swimming, '25

"To be away when one loves is torture"



With love
Grace

GRACE POOLE

"Little Poole"

Kansas City, Missouri

Dramatics,'25

"What a man does, compared with what he is,
is but a small part"



When I tagged you
I surely picked a winner
Virginia III Roediger.

VIRGINIA ROEDIGER

"Gin"

Fort Morgan, Colorado

Two Years

Basketball, '24
Dramatics, '24-'25
Commencement Play, '25
Swimming, '24
Walking Club, '25

"Friendship's the secret of the universe"





I'll telling on you
for next year too.
Best love.
"Hatty"

HARRIET SNIDER

"Hatty"

Pasadena, California

Two Years

Optima, '24-'25
French Club, '24-'25
Walking Club, '24-'25
Choral Club, '24-'25
Choir, '24
Swimming, '24

"Merit and good breeding will make their way everywhere"





MARY STRACHAN
"Strach"
Brunswick, Georgia
Six Years

Optima, '25
President of Senior Class, '25
President of Yellow Class, '23
Vice-President Junior Class, '24
Dramatics, '23-'24-'25
Basketball, '20-'21-'22-'23-'24-'25
Baseball, '20-'21-'22-'23
Swimming, '22-'23
Director of Domestic Science, '24
President of Directors of Domestic Science, '24
Editor of Cupola, '23-'24
Athletic Association, '24
Yellow Class

"Truth is beauty, and beauty truth, that's all you know on earth and all you need to know"





Best love to Eleanor
Howard

HOWARD VROOMAN
Kansas City, Missouri
Two Years
Dramatics, '25

"Silence is like the perfected herald of joy"





Love to Eleanor
Helen

HELEN YOUNG

"Hellie"

Little Rock, Arkansas

Three Years

Optima, '24-'25
Dramatics, '24-'25
Baseball, '23
Yellow Class
Treasurer Senior Class
Assistant Editor Cupola, '25

"Most Arts require long study and application; but the most useful of all, that of pleasing, only the desire"



SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1924-1925

Tuesday,	September	30—Arrival of Students
Saturday,	October	11—Senior House-warming
Friday,	October	17—Political Rally
Friday,	October	24—Elizabeth Drew on "Jane Austen"
Saturday,	October	25—Senior One-Act Plays
Friday,	October	31—Hallowe'en
Wednesday,	November	5—Founder's Day
Sunday,	November	2—Mrs. Brosius' Harp Recital
Friday,	November	14—Charles W. Furlong on "Argentina and Explorations in Patagonia"
Sunday,	November	16—Mr. C. C. Long, Stereoptican Lecture
Thursday,	December	4—Miss Ball's Recital
Saturday,	December	6—Senior Play
Sunday,	December	14—Musicale
Tuesday,	December	16—Christmas Party
Friday,	February	6—Edgar C. Raine on "Alaska"
Saturday,	February	14—Valentine Party
Thursday,	February	19—Friends' Sidwell Basketball Game vs. M. V. S.
Monday,	February	23—Junior Play
Saturday,	March	14—Yellow and White Plays
Sunday,	March	15—Chevron Service
Friday,	March	20—Swimming Meet
Sunday,	March	22—Musicale
Friday,	April	24—Senior Essay Day
Thursday,	April	30—Junior Banquet
Wednesday,	May	27—Commencement



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Unknown soldier lying there
Among all the countless identified graves,
Are you lonely?
Have any of your loved ones
Been looking at your flat, gray tomb
Unconscious of who you are?
Perhaps your own wife . . .
Has passed by and thought,
"Poor unclaimed boy, where was your home?
Who loved you?
Who took care of you?"
Again, your Mother might have seen,
With tear-stained eyes,
The unmarked grave
And wondered

HARRIET SNIDER.







JUNIOR CLASS

Class Mother

Miss Constance Churchyard

Class Motto: "Esse quam videri

Class Flower: Ophelia Rose

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Elizabeth Davison
Vice-President—Elizabeth Bennett
Secretary—Helen Raynor
Treasurer—Caroline Sweeney

Ann Abrahams
Elizabeth Bennett
Florence Birch
Alice Campbell
Marjorie Cox
Blanche Daggett
Elizabeth Davison
Catherine DeArmand
Mary Louise Gaut
Pauline Gaut
Eleanor Haigh
Eleanor Hayden
Virginia Kaufman
Dorothy Koenig
Eleanor Marsh
Pauline Meyer
Esther Millett
Esther Myers
Helen Raynor
Grace Rueshaw
Mary Searles
Caroline Sweeney
Florence Woodard
Anne Young
Renate Zimmers





WHITE CLASS

Class Mother

Miss Edith Denison Cook

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Mary E. Cunningham

Vice-President—Mary Louise Succop

Secretaries—Fay Brigham, Jean Barker

Treasurer—Harriet Brady

Jean Barker
Sue Beckwith
Marion Bentley
Della Bosworth
Harriet Brady
Fay Brigham
Frances Cocroft
Jane Corwin
Isabel Creed
Mary E. Cunningham
Margaret Dawes
Mary Dawes
May Dunlap
Deborah Fredericks
Ruth Gildersleeve
Louise Gordon
Priscilla Higinbotham
Alice Kimball
Annett Kirk
Janet Macdonald
Marjory Mallory
Barbara Metz
Margaret Morrow
Helen Murdoch
Barbeau Myers
Laura Newburger
Mary Ann Peacock
Marjorie Pilson
Mary Pope
Mary J. Quilhot
Elizabeth Roberts
Alice Robinson
Eleanor Rowe
Mary Louise Succop
Mary L. Uppercu
Ann Wilcoxson
Mary Woolfolk







YELLOW CLASS

Class Mother

Miss Harriet B. Walker

CLASS OFFICERS

President----------Elizabeth Council
Vice-President----------Genevieve Stewart
Secretary----------Mildred Jones
Treasurer----------Helen Hopper

Louise Aldrich
Katherine Archibald
Lucy Armstrong
Eugenie Bournique
Miranda Boyd
Peggy Buck
Elizabeth Council
Harriet Cumings
Margaret Denton
Emily Evatt
Kathryn Ferguson
Idalia Fratt
Anne Gray
Mary E. Harwood
Mary Hayward
Anne Hearne
Marguerite Herrick
Shirley Hobbins
Helen Hopper
Marie Horst
Elizabeth Huntington
Margaret Jefferey
Mildred Jones
Nan Kolbe
Martha Lewis
Eleanor Linn
Meredith Lockhart
Virginia Martindale
Danna Merts
Eleanor Miller
Jane Reilly
Miriam Robertson
Betty-Wynn Rugee
Genevieve Stewart
Eleanor Voorhees
Virginia Watts



CLOUDS

Above the golden ramparts,
 Across the heaven's gray,
Trailing, sailing, drifting,
 Across the blue they play,
Sad and white and dreary,
 Filling the leaden sky,
Drifting, sailing, trailing
 They separate and die.
Born again at sunrise,
 They shift throughout the day
Until again at vespers
 They vanish quite away,
Made golden by the sunlight,
 They float beyond the sea,
An infinite rank of nothing,
 Into eternity.
Unwaveringly onward
 In never-ending shrouds,
And so, go on forever,
 Clouds, Clouds, Clouds!

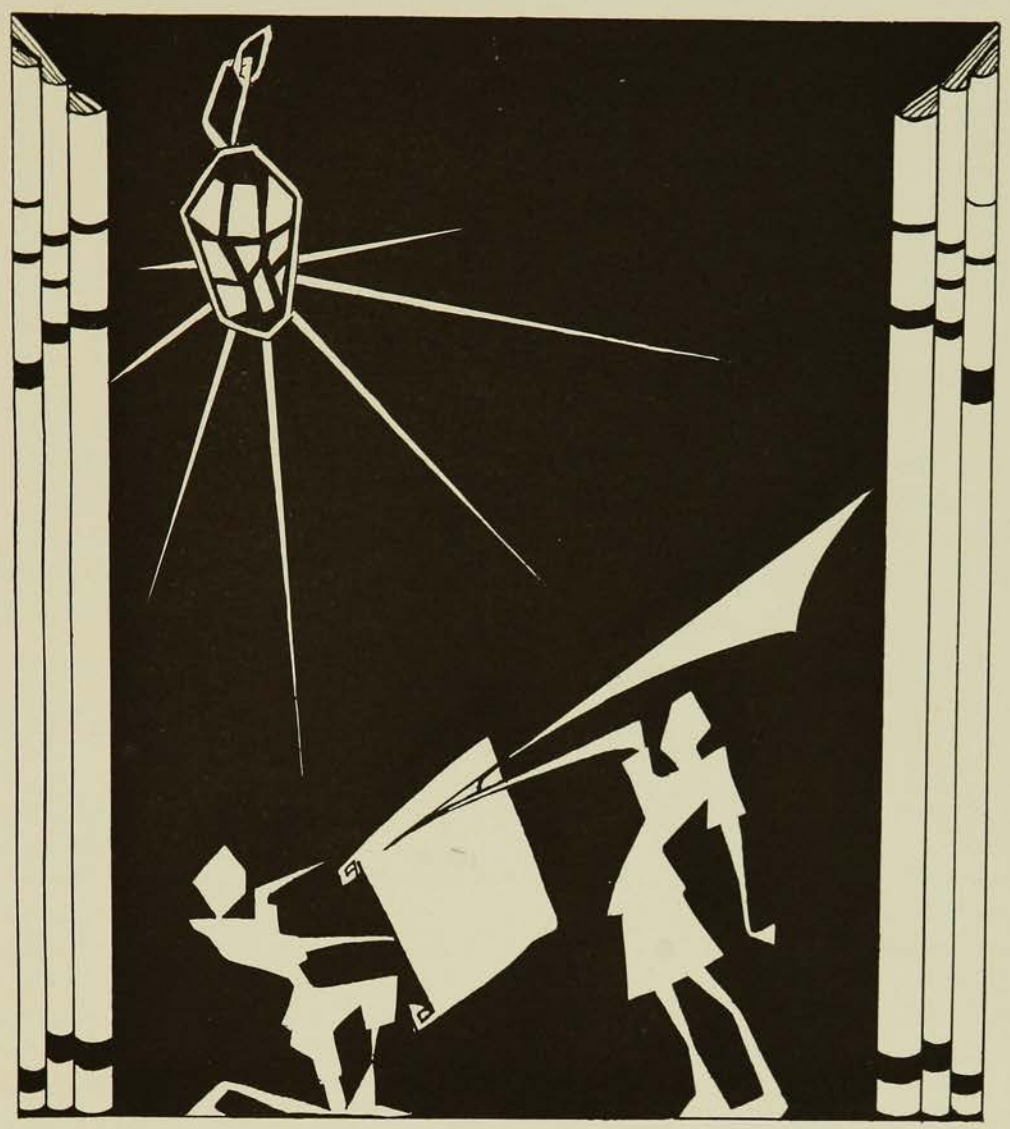
PEGGY JEFFEREY.

FOG

Oh, murky-fingered spectre, whose long arms
 Envelop all in hazy, deathlike shroud
That hides your secret, fascinating charms,
 You seem to beckon and to call aloud.
The trees and houses, shadowy of shape,
 This misty menace captures and conceals,
While twinkling, sparkling through your covering cape
 The street lights flicker faint but half revealed.
A monster, silent, knowing all, you lie,
 And cast o'er all your ever-brooding breath.
Completely you envelop earth and sky;
 Respecting none, you seize on all—like death.
Oh, filmy fog, above all space you crowd;
 No earthly thing can raise your hazy cloud.

GRACE POOLE.





LITERATURE

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS"

A One-Act Play by Alice Virginia Campbell

Based on the Proverb

"A Fool's Mouth Is His Destruction"

CAST:

Mrs. Adams.....*A Social Climber*
Anne Adams.....*Her Daughter*
The Stranger.....
Marie.....*The Maid*

Time: The present, an early summer morning.

Place: The sun room of Mrs. Adam's very modern home.

Note: All scenery, costumes, etc., conform entirely to a black and white color scheme.

(Mrs. Adams' sun room is a comparatively small one overlooking the gardens. There are three entrances, U. R., leading to rear of house; L., leading to drawing room and front door; and C., back, French windows opening on a small balcony which leads down to the gardens. Through the iron railing of the balcony may be seen the gardens bounded by a high brick wall. The room is furnished in black wicker furniture upholstered in black and white striped material. The walls are white, adorned by two silhouettes hanging on either side of the French windows which are draped in sheer black curtains. The floor is of large black and white tiles. A petite, brunette maid enters, dusts carelessly for a few moments, then picks up a magazine and seats herself comfortably on the couch, R. C. The telephone, on a small table beside the large armchair L. C., rings several times before she answers).



PROLOGUE

(Two pages, blonde and brunette, dressed in black and white, appear in front of the curtain, L. and R., and upon reaching C., bow and repeat in unison):

Pages:

Good evening to you, one and all,
Most welcome to our festal hall.
There're some among you, dark and stern,
Who'll judge our wit, and perchance spurn
The thing we'll do; but to the rest
Mayhap some laugh, or fun, or jest
May come. Whate'er befall this play,
It's been much fun, and so we say,
"The play's the thing" wherein to catch
The Junior-Senior brains, and match.

Some proverbs may be old and trite,
But we've one here for you tonight
Which we have tried to modernize
And by it bag the contest prize.
A mother, daughter, gold, and hope
To climb, someday, the social rope;
A butler hired and on his way;
A poet calls the self-same day!
But black is black and white is white
And fools are fools whate'er their plight.
(They bow and draw back the curtains)

Marie (over 'phone):

Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Adams' residence.
Yes, she is in, I think—
(Enter Mrs. Adams, L. She is excellently groomed, garbed in an ultra-modish black gown which accentuates her white hair and rather youthful features).
One moment, please.
The employment bureau is calling ma'am.



Mrs. Adams:

Please tell Miss Anne I'd like to see her here.
Mrs. Adams speaking—you have a butler
For me. Good references? Who? Oh, yes,
I see. Two years abroad, you say? Umhuh.
How soon is he prepared to come?
He's on his way out now? Yes, we do need
Him badly. Yes—splendid. That's right. Good-bye.
(During this conversation Anne has entered, R. She is a tall, slender brunette, gowned in a white sport frock).

To Anne:

Well, luck is with us today, Anne dear.
The employment bureau called to say a man
Who served two years at Lord St. John's is on
His way out here.

Anne:

Oh no—not really? What
Relief! Will he arrive in time to be
On duty when Mr. Monk comes?

Mrs. Adams:

Well, no—
But he at least can show him out, and if
We can but keep young Monk for lunch—Now, Anne,
Remember, this will mean a lot to us.
We simply *must* win him to us—it all depends
On you.

Anne (petulantly):

Well, I should think that anyone
Could be captured for five thousand dollars.
I'll do my best, but don't forget, Mother,
That I've never even seen the man before.
Do please leave me alone with him. It will
Be so much easier to vamp him then.



Mrs. Adams:

Five thousand is a large amount, but dear,
It will, I'm sure, open a way for us to meet
And learn to know much better people
Who form the clique to which we simply must
Gain entree. The women who make or mar
Our standing in society, which we've
Worked so hard to gain and have not as yet
Attained, are interested in it, dear.
This Baldhead Poet's Compensation Fund
Is all the rage right now; most everyone
Who is worth while is giving something to it.
It takes five thousand dollars to become
A patron, but if it will accomplish
What we wish for, why, I think, it's worth it.

Anne:

Yes, but what has this poet man to do with it?
He need not have the bald man's usual fear
Of wand'ring breeze, or sun's hot ray that seeks
Some unprotected thatch on which to light,
For I've heard all the women rave about
His gorgeous auburn hair. He cannot need
The money, for it's simply being thrust
Upon him now. His verse, alone, is at
A premium, and he's always giving
Talks and things on poetry.

Mrs. Adams:

But it was
He who thought of starting it, you see, dear.
Then all the women took it up—Mrs.
DeLancy Smythe is president of the board—
And only the best people are in it.
As you say, Anne, they are all mad about
This Audrey Monk. I have never seen him
Either, but, from all I hear, he must be
A genius—so different, you know. They say



He is so bashful, very seldom talks,
And then, reluctantly. I was so glad
When he suggested he call himself and
Get the check. It was just what I had been
Hoping for, but, not knowing him, I feared
To suggest it. Oh, Anne, if we make a
Favorable impression on him this
Morning he may come to our dinner! Of
Course, you are the one in whom he will be
Interested the most, if you'll just play
Up to him—why, then—

Anne:

But, Mother, what would
One say to a poet, especially one
As popular as he? He'll know, as soon
As I begin to speak, that poetry
And I have not a thing in common, and he
Won't be interested in anything
Save that.

Mrs. Adams:

Oh yes he will. When the time comes
You'll think of the right thing to say. Just draw
Him on to talk about himself; you know
Men love nothing better. You can do it
Anne—Just think what it will mean to us and—
(A very ordinary young man, quietly dressed, appears at French windows)

Man:

I beg pardon, is this the Adams' home?
I have an appointment with Mrs. Ad—

Mrs. Adams:

This is indeed the Adams' home, and I
Am Mrs. Adams—you are Mr. Monk
Of course. How jolly informal of you
To drop in on us this way. Do come in.



(Takes him by the arm and leads him forward)
Anne, dear, the famous Mr. Monk has come
To call. My daughter—Mr. Monk. You'll find
In her a kindred spirit, I am sure.
She's very literary and simply
Dotes on poetry.

Man:

But you—I—wait a—

Anne (coming forward):

This is such a pleasure, Mr. Monk,
To have you here amidst the quietness
Of our little place away from all the
Hubbub which must try your very soul.
I have so longed to meet the author of
"Black Specks" for I felt sure that he, at least,
Would understand the song, so beautiful,
That ever thrills within my soul, but which
As yet has been suppressed because I—well—

Mrs. Adams:

Anne, dear, you and Mr. Monk amuse
Yourselves while I just run upstairs and write
That check.
(Starts to leave)
Why not show our guest the gardens?

Anne:

Don't hurry, Mother dear, we understand.
(Exit Mrs. Adams, R.)
Dear Mother's such a busy person, so
Capable and business like, while I am
Just the opposite. (Sighs)

Man:

Miss Anne, I'd like to—

Anne:

The gardens, of course. I knew you'd love them
Altho' you've had but a tiny glimpse.
(Goes to window and poses herself)



Come, let's stand here and observe before
We lose the glorious whole in musing
On the part. Have you before seen skies
Like those? What was that line that Shelley wrote?
Ah, yes—"Like pageantry of mist on an
Autumnal stream."—"That tree at night with a
Bright star above it!" Small wonder that my soul
Leaps up and clamors to be free. Ah-h-h
But tell me, please, of your great gift. I am
Ashamed so to have wandered. It must sound to
You, so childish.

Man:

Why, no indeed, I'm quite
Enraptured with it all.—But, really, you—

Anne:

Ah, please don't jest with me. If you but knew
How much one mite of understanding means!
I've felt the call, the spark divine, and yet,
Somehow, my craft lacked aim. It seems to stand
"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted
Ocean."
(Looks at him from time to time to see if she is impressing him)
I longed for some more subtle mind
That could, with tender touch and true, probe far
Within my secret heart and recognize
Its song. I've felt as tho', in ages past,
I'd had the boon I craved, and when I read
Your poignant lines, I knew you'd comprehend.
(Mrs. Adams enters, R.—Anne, unseen by Man, waves her back)
But let's go out, and, as we stroll along,
You'll tell me of your dreams and hopes while I
Shall quench my thirst at the clear fount that pours such
Unction on a wounded, bleeding world.
(Exeunt by French windows. Mrs. Adams walks to window, sighs happily, and then pulls bell-cord. Enter Marie)

Mrs. Adams:

Marie, I'm expecting a butler soon,
Please let me know when he arrives—so I
Can interview him. He should be here now.
We'll have lunch served for three; Mr. Monk may
Stay. That's all—don't forget about the man.
(Exit Marie, R. Mrs. Adams sits in armchair and picks up magazine. Voices off-stage—enter Anne and Man arguing)

Anne:

But why come back into the house so soon?
I thought—

Man:

You see, Miss Anne, you've made—

Mrs. Adams:

Mr. Monk, have you been setting Anne awhirl?
I know by her rapt face, you have. How sweet
Of you to give us this part of your
Most precious time. You must remain and have
A bite with us.

Man:

I fear I can't. You see,
I've stayed too long already and you might
Withdraw your hospitality were I to
Linger on.

Anne:

Why not at all. You simply
Must not go.

Mrs. Adams:

Anne, maybe Mr. Monk has
Made different arrangements and will return
To us some other time. Next Monday night,
The Smythes, the Byrnes, the Calhoun-Greenes
Are dining here with us; we'd be delighted
If you would join us too.



Man (bowing):

With joy, madam.

Mrs. Adams:

How nice! We'll have a quiet evening, and
Perhaps you'll give us just a small idea
Of how you feel about your work?

Man (bowing):

With joy,
Madam. But I must hurry on—I—you—

Mrs. Adams (rising):

The check, of course, I have it here.
It's such a small amount and yet,
I hope that it may help a little though.

Man (looking at check):

Oh yes, it will; I can't
Express my thanks to you, but I must go.
Good-bye.

(Starts to leave)

Anne:

Have you a car, Mr. Monk? If
Not, Henri can drive you in.

Mrs. Adams:

Yes, of course;
How stupid of me. Come, we'll go into
The other room. He'll have the car around
At once.
(Mrs. Adams takes the Man by the arm, and all exeunt, L, talking)

(Phone rings—Marie enters, R.)

Marie:

Hello. Yes, sir. One moment please.
(Goes to door, L.)
The phone, Mrs. Adams.

(Enter Mrs. Adams, L.—goes to phone)



Mrs. Adams:

Hello. Yes this
Is she. I'm sorry but I did not hear
The name. What? Who? Audrey Monk, you say?
But—but—
(Looking towards exit, L.)
I do not understand—you won't
Be able to come out? Why you—

Anne (faintly from outside):

Good-bye.

(Door slams off-stage)

Mrs. Adams:

The check mailed to your home? Oh yes—all right.
(Hangs up—rushes to door, L.)
Anne—wait—wait! Oh stop him—stop him!
(Enter Anne, L.)

Anne:

Mother
What is wrong with you? Tell me, please.

Mrs. Adams (pacing floor):

Anne—Anne—
Oh that man—! Mr. Monk just 'phoned me and
We're tricked! The thief! Oh can't we stop him, Anne?
Oh Anne—Anne—!
(Phone rings meanwhile. Enter Marie, R, and answers)

Marie:

Hello, yes, this is Mrs. Adams' residence.
Yes, she is in, I think—one moment please.
The employment bureau is calling ma'am.

Mrs. Adams:

Oh, tell them I—no, wait—
(Goes to phone)
Yes? You what?
Dull-witted? Send him back? Don't hire him? Oh—



I wish I had him here to send him back!
(She drops the receiver and turns to Anne, who is standing in utter bewilderment)
That man who just left here's the butler, and
They urge me not to hire him, but send him
Back. He's a kleptomaniac—Five thousand
Dollars!—Oh Anne—

Curtain.

EPILOGUE

(The two Pages reappear and repeat in unison)
And so it goes; the thing is done,
And by it we have lost or won.
The proverb's name you must have guessed,
But just for help, we might suggest—
"A fool's mouth is her surest fall"—
Good-night to one. Good-night to all.

FINIS

THE GIRL WHO WORE SPORT SHOES

I REMEMBER distinctly hearing him say that the most essential thing in a woman's character was her footwear. We were having a round of golf at Flintridge and had stopped to rest a bit between holes. It was at this ninth tee, as I remember, that he stood clean against the sky, gazed off into the valley, and made that remark about women's feet. Rather a remarkable tee that—a straight drive down an eighty-foot cliff into the valley below. It is quite the pride of the club, but to this day I have not been able to discover what it was that he saw in the oak dotted valley to call forth this thought of feet. To my eyes it was much as it always was on warm summer days, green and hazy with the dense shadows of the oaks, and the dull gleam of the refreshing ollas secreted in their boughs, and the few straggling devotees of the game in their violent hues and staring whites. A picture in which an artist of



the new school might find inspiration for one of these blotchy apparitions that would be exhibited under the inscription "Sea Winds" to be admired by long-haired men and short-haired women who would show not the least trepidation over the fact that, if there was any wind at all, it would be from the mountains rather than the ocean. But I defy even the artist that conceived this title to find any suggestion of women's footwear in this peaceful valley. Of course my experience is but limited, but certainly peace and ladies' shoes are the last things which associate themselves in my mind. Not so, however, with Wentworth Vance, for there he stood, and made his remark, and continued to stand as though quite unaware of the jolt he had given us by interrupting our discussion of the use of mid-irons and mashies with such a commentary on the character of women. I do not remember just what reply we made, but we did not rest much longer. It was as though an alien thought had jarred upon us, and so we rose, and each in his turn drove down into the valley.

The path is steep that leads down the cliff, and we loitered along our way, Vance a little ahead striding on in that tall way he has when he is considering some serious subject, his head bent, and his eyes melted a bit from their customary keenness. I have often thought that Wentworth Vance had the keenest eyes and the kindest I have ever come to know. They are frozen, frosty blue and gleam strongly from his tanned face and underneath his unruly sunburnt hair.

We found our balls and went on. Vance and Ted Rust are both scratch men, and so made more headway than old Louis and myself. I was digging out of a sand hazard, with some difficulty, when I heard a feminine voice call "Fore!", the peculiar swish, skizz of a well lofted ball passing over my head, and then a yell from Ted and a moan from Vance. I climbed up out the hazard and ran in their direction. Vance lay on the earth with Ted doing a species of war dance around him; Rust is noted for his helplessness in cases of emergency. I was not in the least surprised, but shooed him away in search of water.

Vance lay still, his eyes open, a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth. Suddenly he plucked at my knee. I saw that he wished to say something and, leaning nearer, heard him mumbling. At first I did not understand, so low was his speech, and then like a flash of lightning on a dark night I knew.



"What exquisite sport shoes," said Wentworth Vance as he slipped away into unconsciousness.

I followed the direction in which that last knowing look had been sent. There, in the grass, were feet and silken ankles topped by a short, a very short, skirt and an odd multi-colored sweater, and above these was the laughing, wistful face of the youthful would-be murderess of Wentworth Vance. I remember, vaguely, thinking that she was laughing because she so wished to cry, but I had no time for much contemplation on the subject for I saw Ted Rust coming with an olla. Before I turned away, however, I had one more look at the sport shoes. They were white, of a very sporty cut like well tailored roadsters. Their trim lines were of hard battleship grey, and they had two slim hoodlines across the toes; pliant laces of braided leather ran through steel eyelets terminated in long, impudent, racy bows; on one was an odd stain—the stain of grease from a car. These were the sport shoes that had so caught the fancy of Wentworth Vance.

Now, you must understand that Wentworth Vance is a most privileged character in the small group to which he has attached himself. We accept his eccentricities as a part of him and think nothing of them, but even we, who know him best, were a little disturbed by the period that followed his accident. Physically he was none the worse for his brief contact with the golf ball, but he fell into such a state of gloominess as to worry us all. On meeting him at the Biltmore one day I broached the subject to him.

"It is not that I mean to be inquisitive," I said, "but we have all noticed, Ted and Louis and I, that you've not been quite the same since your mishap on the links."

He looked hard at me with his frosty eyes, and then he smiled and flung an affectionate arm around my shoulders.

"Good old Jeff—I am a bit off, and you old tars have noticed it. Wonder what you'd think if you knew what it was that's getting me down so?"

He stopped, gave me a quizzical look, and then drew me over to the window.

"It's those sport shoes," he whispered. "They haunt me."

This much of the facts I tell at first hand, the remainder is as Vance told it to me one day last fall as we sat in front of the blazing logs of his



hunting lodge. I had drawn my chair back a bit, the heat being too great, and I saw Vance silhouetted against the fire much as on that other day he had been silhouetted against the sky. He had a pipe in his hand, and a dog lay at his feet. It was Vance who recalled the matter; just why I could not tell, nor did I even try—for long ago I discovered the futility of explaining the moods of Wentworth Vance.

It seems that for long he frequented all places where sport shoes were apt to make an appearance, but it was in vain. He could find no trace of those of his dreams. At last he gave it up; that is, he gave it up with his mind, but in his heart there still lurked a hope.

"It was this hope," he told me, "that led me to accept the week-end invitation for Pebble-Beach which Mr. Langley so kindly proffered. Either the hope or premonition."

Jasmine Trent sat in the middle of one of the bedrooms of the Del Monte Hotel with tears in her eyes. They were tears of sorrow, not of rage; do not mistake them. About her in all directions spread a confusion of laces, silks and furs; all manners of feminine absurdities spilling from suitcases, coatcases, hat boxes, and travelling bags. In fact, all the delights of a woman's heart, with but one exception, were spread about that room. There were no shoes. A trim, black frocked maid stood near in sympathetic silence, while the inquisitive foot of her young mistress kicked about in the melange as though it had some vague hope of making a discovery there.

"Rosing, don't stand there and look stupid; do something. Oh what a plight to be in," and Jasmine caught up a lilac colored chemise to dry her eyes.

"Mrs. Fleming might be able to offer some suggestion, Miss," answered the attentive Rosing.

"Moira!—oh what can Moira do? But fetch her anyway, Rosing—woe is me to be in such a mess," and the tears ran down her peach petal cheeks, and the lilac chemise was once more put to use.

"Jasmine Trent! how very like you to have lost all your shoes, and to sit weeping in the middle of a scandalous confusion making use of lilac colored lingerie instead of a handkerchief, while sitting in the lobby, waiting for unworthy you, is the pet of the polo world."

Jasmine raised her teary eyes to encounter the energetic form of Moira Fleming. There was never such an energetic woman as Moira.



She radiates it in an overpowering degree. After having spent the evening in her company I have the feeling of being a small pebble caught in a mighty wave and then left stranded on a foreign beach—very lonely and inert. This is rather the feeling that must have swept over Jasmine as she looked at the towering figure bent over her.

"Let him wait!" she said sullenly, and then she wept some more.

Moira poked in the riotous conglomeration on the floor and drew forth a shoe—

"Wear these," said Moira.

"They're sport," said Jasmine.

"No matter," said Moira.

And so the thing was settled.

Wentworth Vance did not care to dance. It was not that he did not like dancing—for he did, but on this particular moonlit night he did not care to dance. Still etiquette demanded it, and so he danced first with one, then with another. It was while he was dancing with a certain blond lady that the thing happened. Just how, he could not tell. "For," said Vance to me on that autumn day, "One minute I was wondering how a stately fair woman could put me at such a low mental ebb, and the next I lay prone on that gleaming parquet floor while there, before my eyes, were such exquisite sport shoes—white, of a very sporty cut like well tailored roadsters. Their trim lines were of hard, battleship grey, and they had two slim hoodlines across the toes; pliant laces of braided leather ran through steel eyelets terminating in long, impudent, racy bows; on one was an odd stain—the stain of grease from a car. It was that grease that made me sure."

Young Bircham told me of what ensued. There lay Wentworth Vance on that shining floor, his hair mussed, but his hair is always mussed, for that matter, gazing after a pair of white sport shoes.

"I tried to help him up," Bircham told me, "but he refused to be helped. 'No,' said he, and there he lay with his frozen, frosty blue eyes looking after some one's feet. It was only when the manager came to him, and told him that it was of the greatest necessity that he should move, that he slowly picked up his lanky body and, as a man in a dream, followed the sport shoes of Jasmine Trent through the crowd."

ANN ABRAHAMS.



BEING GOOD

IF a girl is said to be a "good girl," you never know what is meant by that phrase unless you take into consideration the character of the individual who has committed himself. If a fond mother says her Mary Jane is a "good girl," think nothing of it, for it merely means that Mary Jane obeys her mother slightly, and has done nothing, so far, to disgrace herself or her family—at least to her mother's knowledge. Daughters' conduct is usually the main topic of conversation at bridges and teas among the mothers. Whatever a mother may say about her children, when making conversation, she usually winds up with, "However, with all her faults, she's a good girl."

With a father it is different. He overlooks all Mary Jane's faults, and in his heart thinks she is the best daughter in the world; not good, in the sense of character, or even, perhaps, of appearance, but good, in his eyes, because she is one who flatters and cajoles him and twists him around her little finger.

When a boy exclaims enthusiastically, "Mary Jane? Is she good? Oh Bo-o-o-oy!" the other boys crowd to be introduced. They rush her on the dance floor, and keep her telephone busy night and day in an attempt to make dates, for "good" in their eyes means a good-looking girl, with a good "line," who is a good dancer, and what they term a "good sport"—one who is ready for any piece of mischief that will produce a thrill.

However, whether Mary Jane is really good, remains to be seen, for, if her own girl friends cannot say she is, then all the other opinions matter little or nothing. But if she is so lucky as to be judged "good" by her own sex, who are usually rather pitiless in criticising fellow members, it is a high compliment. It means that her character is good, and her ideals high; that she is fair and square, lovable and loving, unselfish and fine clear through.

HARRIET BRADY.



PROLOGUE WRITTEN FOR THE WHITE CLASS PLAY

Oh, Life's a strange, perplexing whirl—now Joy,
Now Laughter, and then—tears. And Tragedy
Has ever been, in books, a favorite theme.
The Columbine you read of always loves
The gay and dashing Harlequin, while Clown,
His painted face and comic tricks despised,
Hides buried in his heart a lasting grief.
Poor heart! poor aching heart, o'er which the feet
Of Columbine trip blithely—unaware.
And though sweet Columbines have danced down through
The Pages of Romance with Harlequins,
Tonight, we tell another tale, and show
Another side of life, perhaps more true,
Yet who can tell? Judge for yourselves; pay heed!
And we'll reveal the nobleness of clown.

ISABEL CREED.

BORES

"BORES"—what a subject. It suggests boars, the animals; bores, the tools—and last, but far from least, bores, the people. The more I think, the surer I am, that the noun bores, signifying stupid, monotonous individuals, has originated in a combination of both the animal and the instrument. For does not the animal, "boar," resemble a wild creature whose most significant trait is greed? So is a b-o-r-e similar to a b-o-a-r, for he feeds himself continuously on the fruits of his own accomplishments, and carries on a most greedy conversation in that way with anyone whom he encounters. A boring person makes me think also of a large, fat quadruped, because he is usually a slow, ponderous, dull-witted conversationalist, possessing a hard, metallic surface into which you attempt vainly to hammer your point, for as soon as your idea makes a dent on his brain, it springs out again, leaving no impression whatsoever. The name "bore" as applied to a person, has also the characteristics of a "bore" the tool, for his stupidity buzzing at your brain gets closer and closer to your nerve, just



as the dentist's instrument drills and drills on your tooth. This, I think, must be the reason I always feel as if I'm in for a siege at the dentist's when I find myself in company with an individual of the bore species. Therefore, as far as possible, I steer clear of people who are reputed to be in this class. However, there is one I can never avoid, as she is an acquaintance of Mother's. I wish sometimes that Mother were not such a patient, attentive audience because then, perhaps, this particular bore might not inflict her presence on our family so often. She is smug and selfish, and wishes only to chatter on steadily of herself, and her personal interests, chief of which is her daughter, Helen. Helen is very brilliant in her lessons (as I have reason to believe), but sometimes I malignantly desire that her brain may burst with its rich overflowing, leaving nothing but a blank, so that she will have to be put in an insane asylum, for, as a rule, people aren't so eager to talk of daughters who are crazy, for madness, like brilliancy, is usually considered an inheritance. However, my prayers have not been fulfilled as yet, and Helen still leads a brilliant career, and her mother still rejoices in it in monologues worthy of Browning himself, and I still dodge her whenever she comes to call, and continue to be deeply thankful that since I am no prodigy, my own mother will never be tempted to hold forth on my gifts.

HARRIET BRADY.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF FAG WEEK

"CANDIDATES!"

The command rang out, clear and sharp, across the gymnasium, and affected the group assembled there much as a twelve-pounder, discharged under the same circumstances, might have done. No sooner had the word been uttered, than a disappearing flash of orange marked the hasty, but effective, exit of the Junior Class Mother. Fag Week had begun, and there were twenty-two unprotected girls, practically all of us new, and, I'm not exaggerating, when I say that the gym seemed about as large as the Sahara, and Mary Strachan as merciless and inscrutable as the Sphinx.

One could not say that we were wholly unwarned of the Damoclesan sword which had been hanging over our heads from the moment our names had been entered on the Junior Class list at Mount Vernon



Seminary. Far from it. Those of us who were old girls well knew the time-honored custom which permits the Senior Class to use, abuse, and otherwise maltreat the defenceless members of the Junior Class for as long as they might desire. Other Juniors, knowing former M. V. S. girls, had also heard what was in store for them, and so had the, prior to October 1st, total strangers. The last named girls had had Fag Week presented to them from every angle; as a cure for homesickness, a means of making friends, and even as a stimulus to appetites which are usually hearty, but sometimes wane under sudden passionate outbursts of filial devotion and longing for the otherwise seldom visited parental roof—which outbursts often mark the first week of school. So, as I said, Fag Week should not have come as a surprise to any of us; nevertheless, the Senior Class president's abrupt command caused twenty-two pairs of knees to quake, and twenty-two hearts to skip a beat, and then pound furiously.

Time is a great adjuster, however, and now that the bridge has been more or less successfully crossed, things appear somewhat differently. However, one didn't, in medias res, exactly appreciate all phases of the game. For instance, it isn't precisely my idea of supreme enjoyment to walk after the manner of a quadruped, or imitate the winged grace of a butterfly whenever one unfortunately and avoidably met, bumped into, or stumbled upon a member of the Senior Class. For three days we "carried on," harried constantly by the diabolical inventions of the Senior mind. I say "Senior mind" because the entire thirty-two of them seemed to think and act as one, with but a single aim —the enhancing of Junior ridiculousness and misery. We capered and danced and sang, wrote embryo "Hamlets" and "Paradiso's," while our morning and evening performances bade fair to put Belasco and Ziegfield out of business. We ate soup with a butter-spreader and, in an attempt to do this left-handedly, fed our laps instead of our mouths. With outward glee and gusto we devoured the exterior only of luscious, golden-centered eclairs and, in the most obliging manner possible, did everything between bites, from saying a nursery rhyme backwards, to assuming the chagrined expression of fly when "shooed" from a particularly delectable crumb.

Need it be explained then why we, unlike William of Hohenzollern, cherished the "scrap of paper" handed us at cock's-crow on Friday



morning? No wonder we claimed it as our most precious possession, for it contained our honorable discharge from Senior servitude and an admission to the Junior Class as full-fledged members.

In looking back upon Fag Week, I would say that two things are absolutely necessary to the candidates—a certain degree of ingenuity and an indomitable and never-failing sense of humor. Fag Week is fun—a great deal of fun, but like everything else it can be overdone. At times it seems rather stupid for girls our age to be acting in the special "Fag Week manner" but after all, ancient and wise as we are, it didn't hurt us to play the clown, and certainly it brought the Junior Class together as nothing else could have done. Personally, I enjoyed it immensely and, in spite of the evident discomforts and inconveniences entailed, I felt much more an M. V. S. girl after it was all over. Now I'm looking forward to next year when I'll be a Senior and may inflict my experience on some poor child who thinks that boarding-school is "roses, roses, all the way—."

"Hodie tibi, cras mihi."

ALICE V. CAMPBELL.

UNIFORMS

I HAVE never visited a prison or an orphan asylum but I have certain preconceived notions about both these institutions of which one is that their inmates are invariably clad in serge garments of a lugubrious hue—not in "clothes" or "suits" but in "garments," a word savoring of the condescending charity of Ladies' Aid Societies which spend Thursday afternoons happily hemming shirts for the needy poor. The connection between a shirt and a uniform may seem slight, but those who are familiar with both know it exists.

Probably the wearing of uniforms originated in one of the oldest of institutions, Heaven. Nobody ever heard of an angel who was not garbed in toga-like garments of spotless white. Usually a well-equipped angel bears a lily or a harp in his hand as a symbol of purity or harmony. The wearing of chevrons in Mount Vernon Seminary corresponds to this custom. When we consider what illustrious people have worn uni-



forms, we should be thankful for this privilege. There were the monks and friars, and less austere, but equally important, the Knights of the Order of the Garter. To the latter, especially, we are closely allied since garters are a necessity in M. V. S. Seldom, if ever, are rosy knees to be seen there. Devils, also, if we may judge from their pictures, wore uniforms which consisted of tights of a scarlet hue. But our garments are so much more like the raiment of the angels that there is no doubt that they are of celestial origin.

Another advantage of the uniform is that it positively insures us against any entangling alliances such as love affairs. In a school which devotes itself to preparing young girls for a life of independence and a position equal, if not superior, to that of the opposite sex, it is obviously essential that its pupils should not be distracted from these high aims by the fond glances of their masculine friends. If a man is interested in a girl clothed in a Peter Thompson dress, it is safe to say that he is so engaged solely because of her superior mental qualities. This has proved such a successful method in M. V. S. that we feel assured that the practice of wearing uniforms will be extended to circles other than scholastic ones, in fact—to those of all high-minded females. A hint to debutantes!

ELIZABETH HUNTINGTON.

THE HANDBOOK REVISED
or
The Etiquette of Observing Rules
for
The New Girls

EVERY girl on entering M. V. S. is presented gently but firmly with the now famous "Students' Handbook" wherein are set down rules for her behavior at school. Let us then repeat the already famous quotation, "Please turn to page No. 1," which comprises:

The etiquette of the rising-bell. Under the heading, "Daily Schedule," are found the words, "Rising Bell—7:00 A. M." This statement is in itself false as the bell rings fifteen minutes before that



time, sometimes later, depending on Rudolph's habits of life. It is not considered "comme il faut" to arise when it rings. This is a mistake that new girls often make. Most people find that, if they get up as the first bell rings, they will have time to reach the cloister before Betty starts to take roll. Of course those unfortunate enough to have hair long enough to require combing have to arise earlier. Those with bobbed hair have eradicated combing from their daily program—which may account for the many shingled cuts.

Breakfast etiquette. There are several rules of breakfast etiquette that it is well to observe. No true M. V. S. girl, who understands "the eternal fitness of things," will enter the dining room until the last bell is ringing. There are several reasons for this: First, it gives her time to wait in the hallway to see her secret passion pass, and second, it creates a delightful melee in the hall; at the same time giving the teachers the fun of shooing in the girls. Upon arriving at the table, it is well to sit as far as possible from the instructor for "absence makes the heart grow fonder," and, in sitting so far away, a girl will not have to ransack her brain for information it does not possess on subjects of international interest; also it is much easier to "look interested" at a distance. Then, too, a girl can serve herself as much cereal as she likes, and later can leave the table at the earliest possible moment. If a member of M. V. S. is so unfortunate as to enter the dining room *after* the bell has rung, she should never say, "I'm very sorry I'm late," but should always offer a little rhyme or jingle as a substitute, and should practice taking deep breaths in case she is overcome with hilarity. The dining room dislikes being disturbed unless it can be amused.

Etiquette and Tactics of the Classroom.

Class etiquette depends, of course, on the class and understanding of one's teacher. In Junior Literature class the tactics are immensely interesting. If you have forgotten to study the advance in "Paradise Lost," sit in the back row. Miss Churchyard always asks *them* for the first part. If you are careless enough not to know the answer to a perfectly *simple* question, and you feel that familiar, penetrating, chilling glance fall upon you, ask quickly and with childish naiveness, "Is 'If Winter Comes' a classic?" and your question will be received gladly, and discussed openly, and sometimes intelligently by your grateful classmates.



French Class etiquette is somewhat above the grasp of the hoi-poloi, but any girl who can cultivate a low, piercing whisper and a daily knowledge of the lesson will easily find a deep and lasting place in the hearts of her classmates.

If one would learn the whys and wherefores of married life, or the philosophy of marriage, attend Senior Bible class, a great deal of interest is centered upon this subject by a few of our Seniors—one especially—but her future name eludes me.

Etiquette of Exercise.

The etiquette of afternoon exercise and that of excuses is so closely related that they may be treated as one. There are two general divisions of excuses, the "afternoon" and the "all day." The "all day" such as "headache" or "a funny dizzy feeling when I get up" are usually prevalent on Mondays. These might be termed "Biblical ailments." The afternoon excuses vary from Dr. Little to Special Shopping. These are very easily fabricated, yet the technique is more difficult to attain, the same students are quite adept at them by now.

Etiquette of Permissions.

If a girl is so fortunate as to know an eligible young man who is brave enough to call upon her, one can hardly blame the hostess of the day and the girl for keeping him to themselves; but if, like Mary Welty, one can bring out five cadets at a time, the only charitable act is to invite one's friends. In asking for extra shopping permissions *remember* that Miss Hempstead has an excellent memory, so vary the relatives whose present you "simply have to buy." Also remember that the rainiest weather cannot put a beautiful wave into straight hair in the course of a Saturday morning.

Tardiness Etiquette.

If tardy for roll call, simply slip quietly into line and say, "Miss Davis, you forgot to call my name." Then trust to luck and Miss Davis' love for you. If you are tardy at registration, always register surprise, despair and breathlessness when the registrar asks you why you are late. A wrist watch running on Western time is also a great asset.

Etiquette of Lights Out.

The lights out bell rings at ten usually, unless Rudolph becomes too engrossed in his latest novel that he is writing called "Why I Named My



Daughter Pansy." The only etiquette rules after the bell has rung are those on "How to get undressed modestly in the dark" and "What to use for tooth paste when one can not see."

In conclusion may we say that everyone following these simple suggestions will never be embarrassed by the queries, "What Should She Have Said?" or "What's Wrong With This Picture?"

HORTENSE COYLE.

I MET a new kind of boy today. He was entirely different. He was very well and tastefully dressed, yet his shirt and necktie were without the usual loud stripes. He did not wear his hat at a rakish angle, nor did he have the rings of several girls on his watch chain. In fact, he did not so much as mention girls at all. He did not rave at length about the latest dance steps, nor did he attempt to teach them to me. He did not endeavor to describe the last big dance his fraternity gave, nor did he say what orchestra they had. He did not smoke cigarettes incessantly. He did not make love to me. He did not try to kiss me. He was so entirely different. He was two months old.

FLORENCE BIRCH.

THE POPULAR GIRL

EVERY girl has, at some time, tried to answer for herself the question, "What is it that makes a girl popular?" and as she does so, she comes to the conclusion that, although there are many types of popularity, there are certain keys to the secret of each. There is the society girl who always has a good time with the boys at home, but who is sometimes found rather silly by other girls. Then there is the girl who is full of fun, who is talkative, a good sport, and personally attractive; and there is the type of girl who though vain and conceited is, yet, sometimes sought after by certain men. This poor little creature usually finds herself without attention when she finally leaves home for boarding school; for when girls are with girls alone, they are often severe in their criticism of each other, and it is the above mentioned girl that other girls generally most dislike. To be popular at school, a girl must be her real self always—for affectation is quickly detected by her companions, and as quickly censored. If a girl is good-



natured, amiable, congenial, mixes with others easily, and has a sense of humor, she will always find a place for herself. But, above all, in order to be popular, a girl must be a good sport. By "good sport" I mean one who is a fair player and a good loser; one who is willing to take her share in the responsibility of affairs and lend an assisting hand in any work.

When a girl goes to boarding school she frequently makes the grave mistake of being too self-centered. She talks continually about herself, *her* friends, *her* family, *her* car, and *her* interests. If she does this, other girls are always bored and never fail to make fun of her because of her egoism, for who would not tire of such conversation? If the girl is sensible, she learns this in time, and begins to be interested—at least conversationally, first in other people's affairs, and next, in her own. She learns to put herself in the other person's place, see her point of view, and sympathize with her ideas.

Then there is the girl who is the real leader in school life. She must have strong will power, ability, and a sense of her responsibility; she must live up to her ideals, and have the strength of her convictions, even at the risk of temporary unpopularity. She will not stand alone long, however, if she does incur it, for the very fact that she stuck to her point will win friends to her. If a leader is fond of sports, and can take a prominent place on the athletic field, she will be admired and looked up to that much more.

Many popular girls are not leaders of course, and, at the same time, all leaders are not popular. Only a few girls can be leaders, but every girl can be popular if she wishes to be so enough to think of others first, be fastidious about her person, and not be pious or self-satisfied, or over-curious about the concerns of others.

ELIZABETH BENNETT.

POSTURE CLASS

I NEVER supposed I was the Venus de Milo or Aphrodite, Jr., but it was not until I came to Mount Vernon, and was annexed to the posture class that I learned the extent and variety of my physical inferiorities. I was one of the charter members of the group organized ostensibly for the advancement of beauty; in fact, if I remember correctly, my name appeared second or third on the original list.



Whether this was due to alphabetical arrangement, or the extreme prominence of the aforementioned physical inferiorities, I have been unable to decide, but certain it is that whatever else I failed to make in the way of school activities, I was literally rushed into this particular fraternity.

Now, after serving long and faithfully in the capacity of floor-mop, cartwheel, and other athletic accessories, I have been released, and once more enjoy an uninterrupted study hour. Far be it from me to waste the few feeble breaths remaining in me attempting an exposition of that Reign of Terror in twenty minutes which takes place every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. Memory, however, is a thing we can't control and even now it is impossible for me to view the gym with any degree of composure. Its floor is hallowed by the bones broken and sprained thereon; its yellow, expressionless walls hide tales of horror too awful to be told. I am perfectly aware that were I to describe some of the atrocities committed under the guise of "better posture" my account would be met only with incredulity, or with humorous attention, though to any normal person with a grain of kindness in her make-up there is nothing remotely resembling comedy in seeing others suffer. And it is certainly suffering when one's arms are swung in arcs until it would seem perfectly logical for them to sever all connections with the body and go sailing off into space. Is it not suffering to hold two dainty tons of lead, misnamed feet, suspended in mid-air for seven counts when, at the same time, each vertebra is being pulverized against the hard, hard-wood floor? Does it appeal to *your* sense of humor, I ask, to see one hundred and eighty pounds of dainty womanhood balanced perilously on the tip of the littlest finger and the smallest toe while the said young woman is endeavoring to breathe with perfect diaphragmatic control? Aye, the road to beauty is a hard one. Personally, I prefer to be round-shouldered, sway-backed, and knock-kneed rather than to resort to the heroic measures necessary to the correction of my natural defects.

ALICE CAMBPELL.



STARTLING STATISTICS

STATISTICS often are the easiest means by which a stranger may be made cognizant of interesting facts concerning the daily life at M. V. S. Such a list, if posted in a conspicuous place, might jar or even mar the reputation of this distinguished abode of, shall we say, learning?

The expression "Thank you" comes very readily to the lips of the majority of us. It is not surprising when you consider that our tongue forms those syllables about forty-two hundred times a year. However, that is one place where economy can never be practiced successfully.

When you run the water for your, we hope, daily bath, do you realize how great an amount of H^2O it takes? You need 48 gallons to a tub. However, people of generous proportions can get in less water than that and make it seem more than plenty, but, I diverge, 125 times 48 —pardon me, I forgot the faculty—oh! yes, and the servants which makes it 10—equals 8,100 gallons used per day here. This amount varies of course. Very well—multiply that by the school year—which has 30 weeks, and you have 1,701,000 gallons a year for baths alone, or 10,080 gallons per person a year. We *should* be clean. I shall let you estimate the total for dishes, laundry, etc., for yourself, especially when it takes *only* 26,000 gallons to fill the pool.

How many handkerchiefs do you send weekly to the wash? About 15, usually, isn't it? That makes about 1,500 sent weekly by the girls, alone, or 45,000 per year. Stockings average 15,000 pairs a year. The dining room uses 150 napkins or more a day; 1,050 a week, and 31,000 a year.

A chicken would have to work steadily for four and a half months to supply us with eggs for one breakfast—and then we turn them down. Poor chickens that might have been!

I presume you often wonder why your shoe bill is so high. It is not extraordinary when you realize that you walk 16,280 feet here a day, including the school walk, or 19 miles a week. Do you wonder why our fathers speak of hard times?

Have you ever counted the number of rolls you eat in two years? Don't! I beg of you. It is preposterous and, if such an amount were to be collected in a pile, a large bakery shop could be established, pro-



vided, however, that the rolls did not petrify absolutely beforehand, and be mistaken for dinosaur's eggs. To be *brutally* frank—counting two rolls to a lunch—one eats 840 rolls. This is average—those who eat, say three, twice a week, number 960. Considering the amount of nourishment gained from one roll, I should say that a good many of us should be more than "pleasantly plump," but it is an astonishing fact that some people do not gain, no matter how much they may consume.

When you ask for another slice of ice cream, do you realize that you average 90 slices a year, or all by yourself, nine complete molds? I know of a few 125 slice girls; not many, however. The chef here makes 1,350 molds of ice cream a year, or 3,700 quarts. Miss Cole in 10 years has cut 9,000 slices—do you wonder she is adept at it!

A slogan for health preservation at M. V. S., might be aptly that of "Count Your Kisses." The total would be quite a surprise to many of us, I am sure. Take for example Miss Pelletier, who in four years has given 3,700 osculations counting good-nights, hellos, and incidentals.

Uniforms offer a rather interesting problem, or rather the most vital part of a uniform—its snaps. One averages snapping a uniform twice a day, or, more plainly, one spends seven hours a year snapping snaps. In a girl's sojourn at M. V. S., averaging two years or 60 weeks, she snaps 13,440 snaps. Elvira Young, when she graduates, will have snapped 33,600, and Mary Strachan 40,320. Rather interesting, I should say. At the mention of the word "uniform," one generally, not always, but generally, turns one's thoughts to that little item "cleaning." One averages $30.00 annually on cleaning bills. Multiply this by 125, and you have $3,750. At this rate you could keep a poor little Greek orphan alive for sixty-two years. Come, girls (a la Mrs. ———), "How do you spell fairy!"

ROSEMARY AMES.

MORNING DRILL

THE possessor of eyes still steeped in dreams, of a mind half drowsily floating amongst wan moon beams, and a soul that has but lately walked by the deep waters of sleep has the right of judging the humor of such a mundane thing as morning drill. Doubtless a great many people find it extremely amusing—especially if



they happen to be viewing it from the snug warmth of a third floor window or if, on a lower level, they are taking a "cut," but to me, it is a wholly serious subject.

This drill is said by the powers that be, to be a very helpful habit. It whets the appetite, makes the eyes glisten, and clears the minds of the young, making them better able to tackle coming unpleasantnesses with vim (by unpleasantnesses I do not refer to food). But to me, morning drill is too small a thing to be tragic, and too large a thing to prove boring. It annoys me in the same way that a burr on the ear would annoy a sheep dog; to be explicit, I feel like shaking myself rid of it.

Those attending morning drill may be divided into two classes; the girls who stagger into line upon the rasping, "ringing" is too musical a word, of the last bell with at least one pajama leg escaping below their uniforms, who perform their exercises as perfunctorily and languidly as they dare, and those who seem to *grow* in their places like hardy perennials, whose faces are always aglow with health and the "get-together" spirit, the Pollyannas from south, and east, and middle west, who gleefully shout their variations of "hello" across the lines to one another, and who always exercise "with energy."

Some persons have been rescued from morning drill by heart trouble; some by a pillar or pillow like form which hides them from the eagle eye of Miss Stuart; some by the lure of slippery ice and the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, and can only be derived from the complete surrender to an absolute fall from the paths of athletics; some, though they probably wouldn't admit it, have been saved and even exalted by the fact that the sun rises in the east, a bubble of blood behind a filigree of black trees—grey lace of a Gothic temple, floating in a golden sea—a warm sun rising through a translucent fog.

Perhaps morning drill isn't so bad when it allows one to glimpse the sky! Perhaps, in the spring, it ceases to be even "not so bad" and dwindles down to "not half bad," which really means "rather nice." And maybe the reason its "rather nice" is not that it gives one an appetite so that one may devour one's breakfast with greater relish, maybe it isn't anything material at all—unless you call the smell of the earth and the thrill that comes with the knowledge of pale green, brittle roots twisting upward through black soil—material. It's these things that



make morning drill and life possible to some—though they probably wouldn't admit it.

I presume a psychoanalyst might say that the way one reacts to morning drill characterizes one's attitude toward life. I wouldn't be surprised. Duty calls, and *I* pull the blankets over my head—that is, as long as my cuts allow.

MEREDITH LOCKHART.

ODE TO THE BREAKFAST TRAY

Greetings to the breakfast tray,
Your coming brings to us great joy.
To you no one e'er says nay, nay,
But hastens to your goods employ.

You used to come with stealthy tread
Quietly slinking to our doors.
But now you're called and heralded
Around the length of corridors.

You and your pals in state do ride,
A car you claim as yours today,
Which rolls you to each fresh bedside
Where we in luxury do stay.

When you arrive you groan with pain
So ladened down you are with food—
You have us tho' sans stress or strain
And even we're in jocund mood.

And tho', old tray, you may be plain,
Scratched, and not as fine as some,
You really never should complain,
'Cause to your wiles we all succumb.

HARRIET SNIDER.

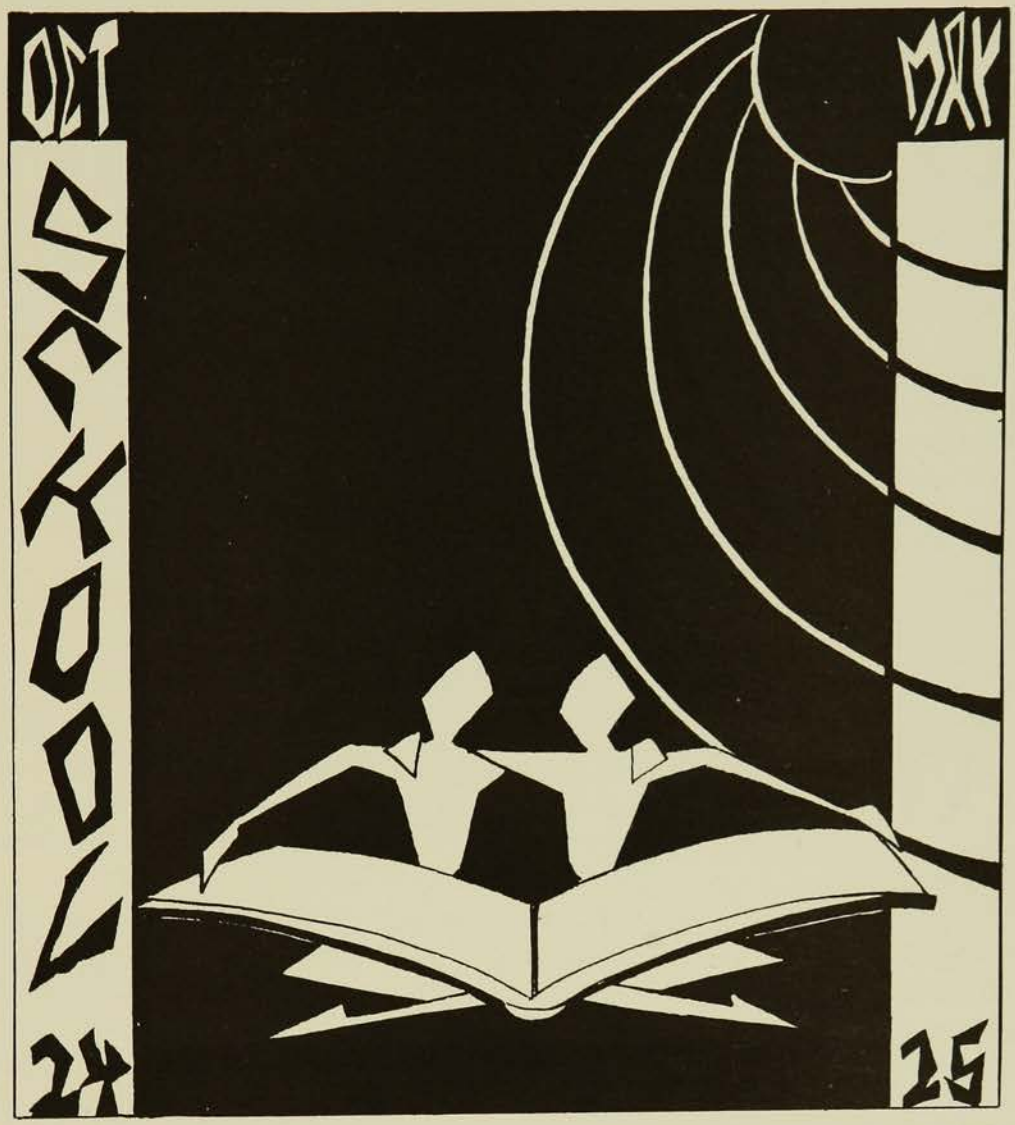


SHADOWS

The mail has come—oh! Joy! Oh ecstasy of bliss!
And cloister hall seemed like a mile, not one foot less,
My feet were like two tons, my head was in a whirl
Now would the letter be from Him, or just—a girl?
The hall was rather dark, and to my eager eyes
The number in my box took on a monstrous size.
The forms ahead of me just wouldn't move aside;
If patience is a virtue, I'll not in heav'n reside!
I shoved my dearest friends, and pushed, and plunged, and squirmed,
'Til, due to healthy muscles, my way at last I wormed.
I fumbled with the lock, then inward forced my hand;
Now to face an empty box—takes dirt and grit and sand,
I felt and felt and felt, and then I felt some more.
Now very frankly speaking, I must admit I swore!
Three days, since He'd written—there was really no excuse
With me, He'll have to learn, He can't play fast and loose.
I soon would have recovered and gone my weary way,
If someone hadn't called, "My dear young lady, stay!
To be down here with combs, you know dear, is taboo,
In refinement—five—there's nothing else to do!"
Oh shadows in my mailbox! You've played me false again!
Do you wonder I'm a cynic? and have no faith in men?

ROSEMARY AMES.





EVENTS

SENIOR HOUSE-WARMING

ON Saturday night, October 25th, the Seniors invited the rest of the school to a house-warming in Senior corridor. The new girls had heard glowing tales of this first social event of the year, and promptly, at the designated hour, presented themselves, expectant and not to be disappointed—at Senior room. After being greeted by Miss Cole, Miss Craig, and the officers of the hostess class, the guests began the delightful journey from one end of the hall to the other. All doors were wide open, and within the hospitable thresholds every room was festive with flowers, and well supplied with fruit and candy. When the last visit had been made, and the girls had for the last time racked their brains for a clever remark to leave behind in a memory book, they regretfully bade their hostesses good-night. The Class of the Golden Jubilee Year had proved that they knew how to entertain royally.

ISABEL CREED.

THE JUNIOR VAUDEVILLE

"WASN'T it wonderful? I've never seen *anything* better! Didn't you love Billy, and isn't "Tea for Two" just *too* catchy? Let's see—how did it go? And Grace and Libbie—! They were just *too* much! Oh, Ann, you were perfect. I've never——!"

Such was the general trend of everyone's conversation after the Junior Vaudeville on the 18th of October. That night we were all called to the gym at 8:00 o'clock, and there beheld a metamorphosis beyond the scope of even Ovid's imagination. A Ziegfeld chorus had been cajolled into donating its services, and completely convinced us that we shouldn't "take our troubles to bed." Exponents of Barnum and Bailey left us breathless and exhausted after alarming displays of stupendous strength. "Roses of Picardy" never had sounded so sweet as when Billy Marsh sang it, nor had we ever been aware that by the ejaculation of mere grunts, a romantic tragedy could be conveyed to an admiring audience. Ah! Such acting as we saw that night is beyond duplication. A charming couple earnestly assured us that life is not

worth living if it can't be sustained with "tea for two." We were initiated into the mysteries of the care and cure applicable to those of tender age, and Terpsichore herself, seemed to grace our presence when Ann danced so effectively.

"It certainly was well done—a credit, indeed, to the Junior Class. So amusing; every bit of it. We've had such an enjoyable evening." Thus did the faculty join with the student body in appreciation of the Junior Vaudeville with the same fervor as our own though just a little less superlatively.

MARY LOUISE SUCCOP.

THE ONE-ACT PLAYS

OCTOBER 25th saw the premiere showing of three one-act plays written by the same number of youthful M. V. S. playwrights (now honored Seniors), who were not a little fearful as to the reception these "children of their brains" would receive. There was, however, no need for any such misgiving, because every one of the plays proved to be a great success. The first, by Elizabeth Burgoyne, bore the ominous title of "The Dark Entry." It was a mystery play in every sense of the word, and during it we clutched each other's hands nervously from beginning to end; a play well written and acted. Our compliments, Miss Burgoyne.

Next came Virginia Roediger's "Bag of Dreams," a fairy tale with a moral carefully concealed. Virginia's choice of words was excellent, and she wisely put them into the mouths of good actresses. We predict great things, Virginia.

The last one to be offered to the delighted audience was a comedy written by Rosemary Ames. By contrasting a sixteenth century gallant with a youth of today, she endeavored to make us pessimistic twentieth century-ites count our blessings. We think she may be said to have succeeded; a picked cast and rather original lines.

Last, but not least, we wish to add that the proceeds went as fast as their legs could carry them to the Chapel Fund, the way of all conscientious dollars, in our opinion.

ROSEMARY AMES.



THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

DOESN'T it seem most exceedingly thoughtful of nature to have given us the Autumn instead of another less jovial season in which to begin the school year? Certainly no one could have asked for more glorious, blue, crisp, Indian Summer weather than we enjoyed last Fall. A brilliant harbinger, it might almost seem, of this truly "golden" Jubilee year.

It was at the end of a day of painted skies and billowy color-splashed landscape that we held our first real party in welcome to the new girls. Hallowe'en! and all day long mysterious whisperings like the sound of the wings of approaching goblins and spirits and sprites had filled the air with excitement and pleasant forebodings until, at length, the climax was reached in the announcement that supper was to be served in the shelter.

A flood of bemiddied and bebloomered girls packed the little house until one expected any moment to see the walls burst with the volubility of their shouting and laughter. Chairs and like formalities were ignored, and a howling pack of ravenous young barbarians joyfully grabbed, and shoved, and spilled steaming cups of coffee, and heaping plates of baked beans, hot dogs, cornbread and luscious doughnuts as they sprawled upon the floor. (Honorable mention should here be made of Mildred Jones and Alice Young who, rumor has it, broke all records of consumption). After supper a semi-circle was formed about the open fire, and Virginia Kaufman, with the help of the gruesome sounds issuing from the cavernous darkness of the night without, related a tale capable of rivaling Poe at his most hair raising. Variations of "Balm of Gilead" sung off and on tune brought the first half of the evening to a close.

Then came the walk up the hill to the school with clanking chains, moaning ghosts, and terrible skeletons looking out upon every side, and, over-head, a canopy a big-eyed stars, and a harvest moon like an orange floating dizzily upward through the black trees. At last the house! Within whose protecting walls was all hustle, bustle of donning costumes, and the frantic dash to the gym fearful lest one should miss something. The grand march and the costume prizes, the unforgetable memory of Miss Stuart *and others*, eating pie, of Alice Kim-



ball's always immaculate visage suddenly smudged with soot, of Martha Dickerson in overalls plaintively repeating "In Fourteen Ninety-two," while topping these amusing memories was the faculty play, a take-off on a movie, suggestively labelled, "The Lights Went Out!" It proved the crowning glory of a glorious evening, and was in our minds the most clever entertainment given by our most gifted faculty in many years. Miss Frances read the play delightfully, and the acting was left to the ingenuity of Miss Churchyard, Miss Stewart, Miss Craig, and Miss Mann. The opening sentence, "It was a dark and stormy night," followed by the furious shaking of a branch in the background, literally brought the house down with what developed, during the remainder of the performance, into uncontrollable mirth.

Peanut brittle and fortune telling proved a most delightful anti-climax upon which one hundred and thirty-three happy girls, old and new, tumbled sleepily into their beds, each drowsy mind thinking, I am sure, that it was the most delightful Hallowe'en possible.

MEREDITH LOCKHART.

NOVEMBER FIFTH

"THE M. V. S. Birthday Party" is now the dignified name that the festivities on November 5th will in the future claim, and what could be more fitting! Fifty years old, yet just blossoming! Despite the shadow that lay over this day because of associations held so dear to all of us, the atmosphere was a very happy one. The M. V. S. meeting came first, and we may add, was most successful and more than well attended. Then out we went to the chapel grounds to a very impressive ceremony, that of laying the corner-stone of the Elizabeth Somers Chapel, which though but one Stone, personified completion to all loyal M. V. S. girls. Afterwards, everyone adjourned to the dining room where lay in all its glory, Zimmers' annual chef d'oeuvre (if it is possible to draw the line). The M. V. S. Corporation, and representatives of as many classes as possible lit the yellow candles, and for those whose ranks were not represented, members of the school body acted as substitutes. Miss Cole's talk was, as always, appropriate and unusual. Ice cream and coffee soon made their appearance, and though

it wrung the hearts of all artistic souls present, Zimmer's cake yielded to the knife, and was soon but a memory in both minds and mouths of all followers of Epicurus.

Many happy returns of the day, M. V. S. (Oh, that they might be for the Chapel Fund!).

ROSEMARY AMES.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

"TWAS the night before Christmas," at least before Christmas vacation, and M. V. S. was all a-flutter, for it was the date set for the annual party given by the girls for the servants and their children. Everyone, old and new, was eager for the time to arrive; the old girls because of their knowledge of former parties, and the new girls because of all they had heard concerning them. In no way did the 1924 Christmas party disappoint anyone.

For the children, of course, there was the playlet which reached its climax in the appearance of Santa. And a most imposing St. Nick he was, too; at least the children thought so, judging from their rapt faces and wondering eyes. His jolly manner, however, soon put them at their ease and, after more or less coaxing, such gems as "Little Jack Horner" and "Mary's Little Lamb" were presented for approval. When Santa had shaken his pack until it was quite empty, and each Jack-in-the-box and hobby-horse had found its rightful owner, Belle's nephew sang for us. To any who have been to the Christmas parties it is unnecessary to say more—to those who haven't I can only say, "Come and hear for yourselves and then you'll know why we sighed so disappointedly when the singing had to end."

The party, however, was not for the children only, and, as Miss Cole presented the school's gifts to the servants themselves, we were all interested in hearing various incidents from the history of each involving some phase of their loyal and, in many cases, lengthy services to Mount Vernon. This closed the evening, and the crowd broke up and formed again around the kiddies who remained. But the Sandman, who is certainly no respecter of persons or ages, soon asserted his claim, and we went up-stairs, buzzing away in an attempt to prolong as far as possible what had become one of the year's pleasantest memories.

ALICE CAMPBELL.



THE JUNIOR-SENIOR INGENUITY CONTEST

THE first of the eagerly awaited ingenuity contests took place Saturday night, the 17th of January. The Juniors and Seniors were informed within an hour of their performance that they were to present a circus—a regular clown-infested, peanut and pop-corn polluted circus—and the Juniors were first on the program! From the time the curtain rose until its final drop, we fairly breathed circus atmosphere. In the intermission we danced and wondered how the Seniors could possibly produce as convincing a ring-master, such incredibly grotesque freaks, or as varied a collection of rapacious beasts. When the lights went off, again we settled down to the joys of a canvas tent. An astonishingly agile ballet-dansuese, a miraculously well-behaved seal, attractive candy vendors—all contributed to a cleverly detailed performance of the Seniors. Ingenuity certainly was not lacking either side, but the judges decided that the scales balanced a bit in favor of the Seniors. So ended the first contest and commenced a restlessly anticipatory week.

The second contest was on a much more elaborate scale than the first. The subject, chosen by the Seniors, was a one-act play written in blank verse and based on a proverb. The girls had a week in which to rehearse their skits and work out their settings and costumes. So it was with the expectation of discovering just how literary and artistic, as well as ingenious, the Juniors and Seniors were that the rest of the school took their seats on the appointed night. When the curtain went up for the Juniors' presentation, there were "Ohs" and "Ahs" of admiration. The scene was a sun-room in a very modern home; the color scheme was entirely in black and white. Alice Campbell was responsible for the clever skit, "Words, Words, Words," based on the proverb, "A fool's mouth is his destruction." It dealt with the humorous situation in which a talkative social climber found herself. The girls all took their parts well, especially Caroline Sweeney, who portrayed a very bewildered butler unable to explain that he was a *butler* and not a certain distinguished poet.

The Seniors' play, written by Rosemary Ames and Berenice Maxwell, was of a more serious character. The scene was laid in a convent, and the faint, solemn chanting off-stage opened the play with a decidedly tragic atmosphere. The plot centered around a Biblical reference con-



cerning the responsibility of a mother for her child. Rosemary and Berenice did some splendid acting in the leading roles. At the conclusion of the plays, the judges left the room, followed by the pitying glances of the audience. How could anyone decide between two such different plays? The judges evidently agreed with this sentiment, for they stayed outside for centuries—or so it seemed to the contestants. Would the Seniors win and so end the contest, or would the Juniors make the affair a tie? The long-delayed judges finally re-appeared and gave their verdict. The Juniors had won! There would be another and a deciding contest!

It was with a great deal of excitement and not a little quite justifiable curiosity that M. V. S. gathered in the gymnasium two weeks later to view the third and decisive event of the Ingenuity Contest. The school had debated and wondered, rather hopelessly, just what the adept Juniors would do in the development of the unwieldly subject, "Box Comments," again imposed on them by the Seniors. In it the Juniors outdid themselves in the clever and original way in which they treated their theme. Thanks to the midnight meeting, so skillfully portrayed, of those various and sundry boxes, we are now the possessor of many intimate facts concerning the private lives of our august Seniors. We thrill at the sight of that extra pound on Mary Strachan, gained only by arduous labor in eating quantities of crackers and drinking quarts of milk. We, too, "get so pepped" when Cherry receives the coveted letter from Lawrenceville.

Indeed the Juniors' performance won our hearty thanks as well as praise.

The Seniors touched an ever-vibrant chord within us with their side-splitting imitation of certain members of the faculty at the theatre. An entertaining performance of Cinderalla, highly modernized, was looked at censoriously and drolly commented on by the critical four. After a breathless period of waiting, the judges announced their decision. As the Juniors paraphrased it to the popular "Me and the Boy Friend," "The contest was over, the Seniors had won." To them we extend our congratulations.

Miranda Boyd.
Isabel Creed.
Mary Louise Succop.



THE VALENTINE PARTY

WHAT a night was this! It is certain to live in the memory of everyone who entered the gymnasium on the evening of February 14th. Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester met us at the door and showed us a scene to delight the eye of even the most critical. The large room had been transformed, as if by a miracle, into a veritable fairyland festooned with red and white paper ribbons. The orchestra, on the stage, was partially but effectively hidden from view by these same red and white streamers, and in the center back, shone a huge heart wth 1925 done in electric lights.

Now that the scene is laid, we may go on to those present. Never could one hope to see a more varied group of merrymakers. Cross-word puzzles danced with Indians, while country lads and lasses waltzed about with Chinese Mandarins, and golf bags with gold bedecked generals. The hostesses were generous in the giving of prizes, for, besides two for the loveliest costumes, there were two prizes given to the girls who were most original in the thought and execution of their dresses, and two more for those whose costumes were made by their wearers. Alice Campbell and Mary Elizabeth Hayward were the winners of the two first, and Frances Hecker and Eleanor Rowe of the last, while the most original of our classmates proved to be Helen Young and Eleanor Hayden.

The orchestra played on and on till close on midnight, when the strains of "Home Sweet Home" were welcomed by even the most light-footed. As we went upstairs the evening was voted by every one to have been the most successful Valentine Party yet given at M. V. S.

RENATE ZIMMERS.

THE YELLOW AND WHITE CONTEST

ON Saturday night, the 20th of February, the Yellow and White Classes met in the gym for their contest. The subject was a farce on the cross-word puzzle. The White Class presentation, "Insomnia, a Nightmare in One Act," written in verse by Mary Louise Succop, was the first to be given. The two detectives who came to solve the mystery kept the audience in gales of laughter with



their amusing actions; while Isabel Creed, as the tormented heroine, was charming to behold. The whole production seemed very finished and the scenery was a delight.

In the intermission between the plays the Yellow Class distributed cross-word puzzles made from the names of the faculty. It took some little time for the audience to realize this fact, but when at last it was discovered, the key was used with excellent results. It was perhaps the most pleasant intermission that we had known for a long time. The second play centered around this puzzle and, as a climax, a curtain was let down containing the correct solution of the puzzle. Both playlets were so excellent that it was some time before the judges returned and announced that the Yellow Class had won.

RENATE ZIMMERS.

BELLS

Hear the deadly rising bells . . .
Brazen bells!
What a tale of agony their clamoring foretells!
Wrapped in slumber's fond embrace,
Sunk in pillows, swathed in lace,
Dreams are floating—very fair—
Comes a crash, a bleat, a blare
That's the bell!
In a clamorous appealing that we rise at once with haste
Sounding shrills, ceasing never,
In a frantic, wild endeavor
To recall us back to life
Back to earth—and toil—and strife!
Must we always hear the moaning
And the melancholy moaning
Of this bell, that bell,
Rising bell, lights bell,
Oh! the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.

MARY LOUISE SUCCOP.





DRAMATICS

SENIOR PLAY
"QUALITY STREET"

AFTER seven weeks' frantic rehearsal, during which period numerous Seniors and one director were more than once embarrassed by the ever-present Junior Juvenile Detective Agency, J. M. Barrie's comedy, "Quality Street," was presented for the first and last time. Despite the fact that sundry and important changes, due to illness, were necessitated at too late a date for general comfort, the play was a great success if one can rely on the consensus of opinion. Helen Curtis, as the "Dashing Captain Brown," did, indeed, dash our hopes to the ground as far as finding a hero more charming or more handsome was concerned. A fine piece of acting is to her credit, a thing especially to be commented upon due to the fact that she was one of those called upon to substitute at a late date. Rosemary Ames played the part of the younger celibate almost well enough to warrant her pursuing that advantageous vocation in real life. (It is to be hoped that she will do no pursuing in that direction). Virginia Roediger gave her part the artistic touch so characteristic of all her work, and Berenice Maxwell and Frances Heckert added a humorous touch very neatly in addition to Patricia Healy's clever performance. Of course we should not forget the children or the Sergeant, but to go into detail would involve too much time and space; but it is said, that plus (or due to?) the crowning touch of delicious refreshments, everyone enjoyed herself immensely (alas! the "hims" were far too few for me to be correct and say "himself").

JUNIOR PLAY
"PYGMALION AND GALATEA"

NOW for the impossible—to criticize perfection. Oh, but that play was good; artistic, amusing, and a distinct achievement. In fact, it deserves "A" in just about everything, in my opinion. Pygmalion who sculped the fair Galatea and ultimately brought the wrath of his wife and the gods down upon his handsome head was portrayed excellently by Alice Campbell, one of the chief Junior luminaries.



Now for a non-professional, in a school play at that, to be able to call upon the gods, and not make it seem farcical, takes (and there are no two ways about it) that elusive, highly desirable thing called talent. I refer to Florence Birch as Pygmalion's wife. Our congratulations, Florence.

To attempt to count the ohs! and ahs! that issued from the enraptured audience when the curtain disclosed the fair Galatea would be utter foolishness. Needless to say we, didn't try. We were too intent on gazing at perfection of face and form. Ah, Elizabeth, jealously is rampant in our souls ("Fain would we be Texas steers, if it did mean proximity to thee.")

Then there was Virginia Kaufman, dressed up "fit to kill," and my! what a lover she did make for Renate, who was altogether charming in her despair over her fiance's cruel habits. Then Caroline Sweeney, as Chrysos (brave Caroline!), the erring and highly susceptible "would-be connoisseur," who made his appearance all too seldom with his devoted spouse, Eleanor Hayden, another luminary. Suffice it to say, that everything about "Pygmalion and Galatea" was good. Could we ask for more?

"THE HEART OF A CLOWN"

"HEARTS"

THIS year, owing to the preparation necessary for the Golden Jubilee, Miss Cole asked that the White and Yellow Classes combine their histrionic efforts. This request resulted in two one-act plays appearing on the evening of March 14th. "The Heart of a Clown," which came first, was the White Class' offering to the cause, and "Hearts" that of the Yellows. "The Heart of a Clown" was the old story of Harlequin and his lady love, the Gypsy fortune teller, and a clown with an inferiority complex. Picturesque scenery added an artistic touch to the performance in addition to that given it by the four able members of the cast. Congratulations!



"Hearts" was a roaring success. An abused and misunderstood doctor's wife resorts to drastic measures to inveigle certain females with feline tendencies, into forming a permanent friendship with her. Four very attractive girls deserve a great deal of credit for their acting. Both plays are to be commended for their finish, particularly when two weeks only was given them for rehearsing purposes.

ROSEMARY AMES.

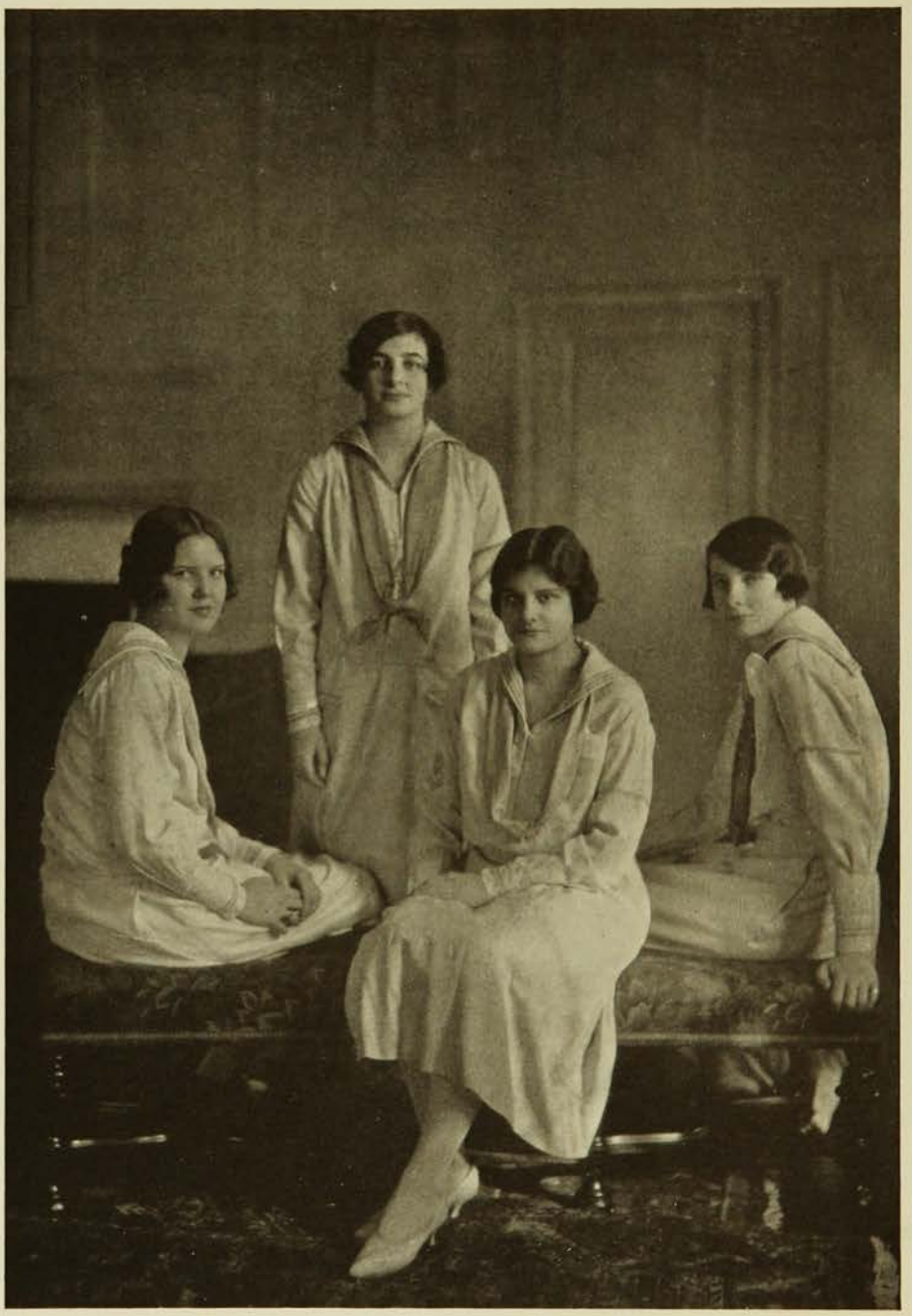
THE DANCE

The sound of shuffling feet,
An occasional pause,
The steady pulse of piano and banjo;
Melody carried by the saxophone.
A black and white field
Dotted and splashed by every color.
The murmur of voices on the porch,
The clinking of glasses.
An hilarious burst of laughter—
The dance.

CHERRY STEPHENSON.







ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President---------- VIRGINIA WATTS
Vice-President---------- MARION GAFFNEY
Secretary---------- JEAN BARKER
Treasurer---------- ELEANOR HAYDEN

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



THIS year the Athletic Association has really meant something, and we feel sure, under the guidance of Miss Davis, it will continue to do so from now on. There have been weekly meetings in the athletic room, and various plans made for the stimulation of school and athletic spirit. The Association has collected $132.00 through dues with which it has bought the cups and paid for the extra expenses that have arisen.

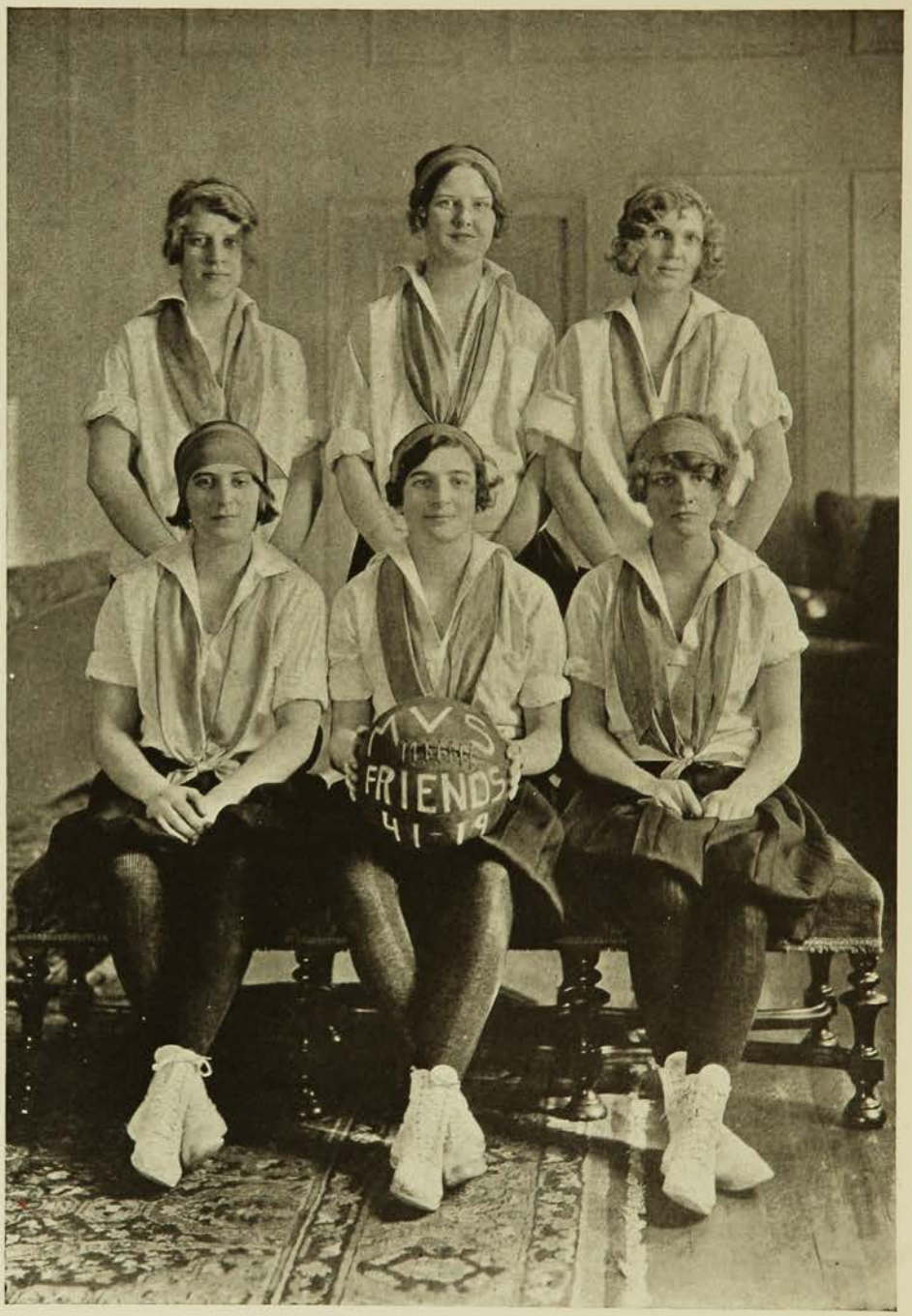
THE BANNER HONOR

This honor was announced last spring to have been won by the Yellow Class for its having the highest athletic average during the year.

THE ATHLETIC MEDAL

The Athletic Medal is now the chief honor a girl may receive in the line of athletics. It was instituted last year as a reward for the highest number of stars on the athletic chart. Virginia Watts is the first one to have received this medal.




FRIENDS
41-19

BASKETBALL

At last the prayers of the M. V. S. girls for the past seven years have been answered, and we have had our first varsity basketball game. It was played against the Friends' School on February 19th. The game ended with the score of 41 to 19 in our favor! This fact is not surprising when we consider that we had Miss Davis to coach and Vee Watts to captain the following team:

Virginia Watts----------Forward
Mary Cunningham----------Forward
Gwendolyn Atwood----------Center
Harriet Brady----------Side-Center
Eleanor Linn----------Guard
Jean Barker----------Guard

The game took place in the gymnasium of the Epiphany Church whither the whole school was transported in our famous green busses. What *would* happen to us if these reliable, though uncomfortable, conveyances should ever be withdrawn? The team and subs went down ahead of the school, in regular cars, so that their strength would not be jarred out of them before they even saw their opponents.

Caroline Sweeney and Mary Lillian Uppercu were the cheer leaders, and as soon as the school body had arranged itself, each and every one, in an advantageous position along the balcony, they led the girls in a song for the team and the school. School spirit was at its height, and never was a team more enthusiastically cheered on than was ours. It was no wonder our score kept getting higher and higher with such applause from the side-lines for every basket. At the end of the first half, the score was high enough to enable Vee to put in our second team for a quarter so that they might have some experience in a varsity game. The second team was:

Billie Marsh
Mary Louise Gaut
Miranda Boyd
Betty Wynn Rugee
Florence Birch
Eleanor Hayden



The regulars went back again during the last quarter, and several more baskets were made. The Friends' School team displayed extremely good sportsmanship, and played excellently, but, you see, they did not have a Virginia Watts to make baskets for them.

We now have a small, dark banner with "Friends' School" in gray across it, hanging in the athletic room, where we hope, in the years to come, we may have many more such trophies from various schools.

———ooo———

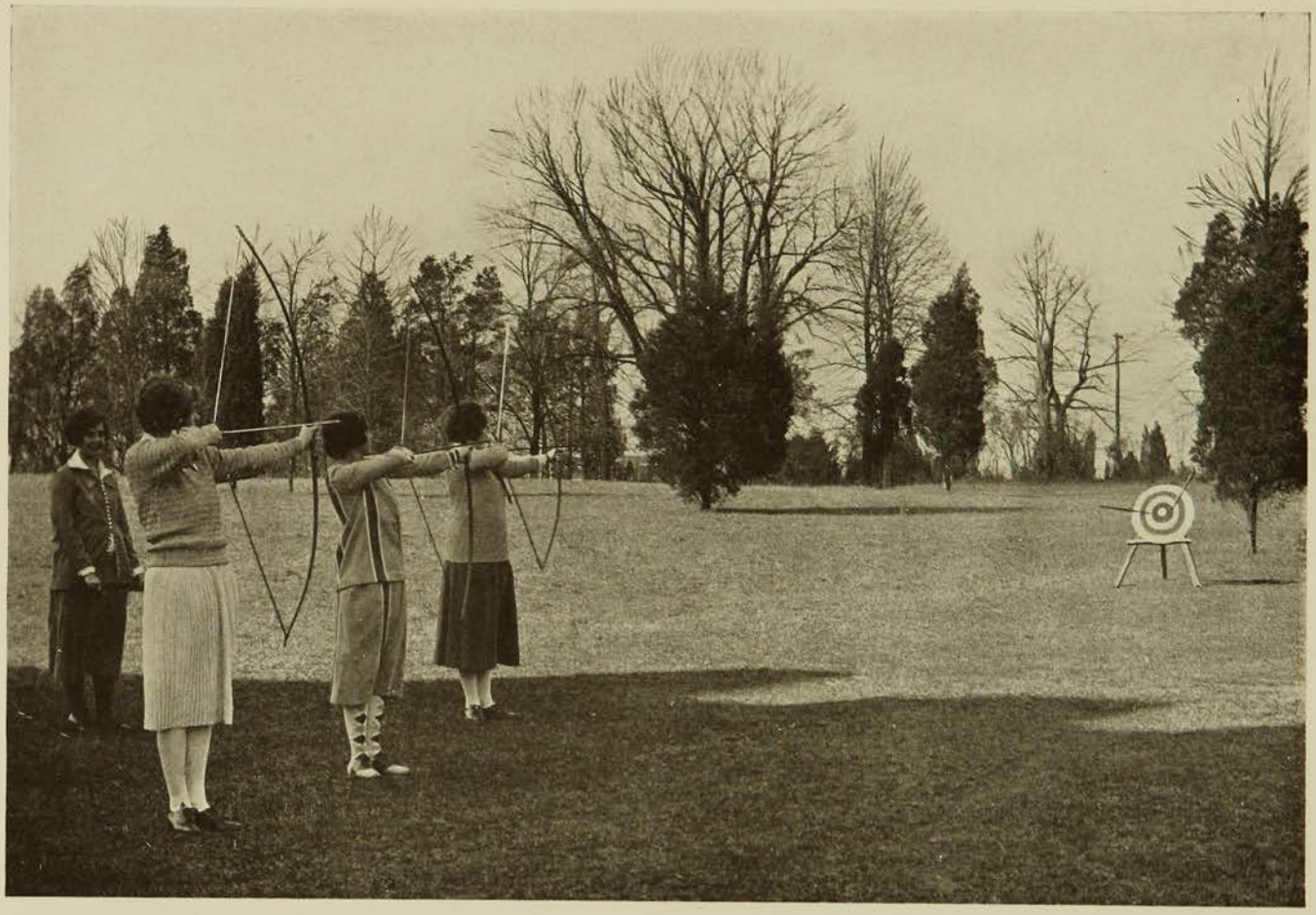
The class games were played last fall with even more than the usual enthusiasm, for practically every team had some hard luck just before the game, which made the classes wish to back their players with every possible kind of encouragement. As the result of the draw, the Seniors played against the Juniors, and the Yellows against the Whites.

Neither Ruth Martin nor Marion Gaffney were able to be on the Senior team, and Billie Marsh unable to be on the Junior team, so both teams were rather crippled. However, for this reason, they both played harder than they otherwise would have—with the result that the Seniors won with the score 24-22 in their favor. The teams that played were as follows:

Senior		*Junior*
Rosemary Ames	Forward	Elizabeth Bennett
Mary Morton	Forward	Alice Campbell
Gwendolyn Atwood	Center	Mary Louise Gaut
Berenice Maxwell	Side-Center	Eleanor Hayden
Mary Strachan	Guard	Ann Abrahams
Virginia Roediger Elizabeth Burdell	Guard	Florence Birch

The Whites also had an unhappy loss in Fay Brigham, on whom they had been used to rely implicitly. Consequently, when she was unable to play until the last half, her team lost confidence; although they worked with all their might, the game ended with the score 32-6 in the Yellows' favor. The two teams were:





Whites		*Yellows*
Frances Cocroft Fay Brigham	Forward	Virginia Watts
Mary Cunningham	Forward	Mildred Jones
Jean Barker	Center	Miranda Boyd
Harriet Brady	Side-Center	Betty Wynn Rugee
Laura Newburger	Guard	Caroline Brady
Mary Lou Succop	Guard	Eleanor Linn

The final game between the Seniors and Yellows was played off Thanksgiving morning. Both teams worked as if their very lives depended on winning, and the rest of the school body lustily cheered them on until it could do little more than address its neighbors in strained whispers. Between cheers the audience sat and watched the Yellows make one basket after another while the Seniors tried desperately to keep up with them, but it was in vain. Again the Yellows were victorious with a score of 34-21.

GOLF

There is now no excuse for an M. V. S. girl not to become an expert golfer, for about one-third of the grounds has been turned into a six-hole golf course, and a professional comes out two or three afternoons a week to give much needed instructions. Last fall we were able to hold a preliminary golf tournament, which created a great deal of interest, and, in a few cases, some amusement. Eleanor Linn won the finals giving her class five points towards the banner honor. The real inter-class tournament will take place some time this spring.

TENNIS

The tennis tournaments last spring were ill-fated, for it rained almost daily during the time scheduled for them. However, Virginia Jean Jones and Mary Cunningham did manage to finish up the singles, Virginia proving herself the tennis champion for 1924. But because of the weather, the finals in doubles, in which Virginia and Emily Whiting were to play Mary Cunningham and Fay Brigham, never took place.







THE PELLETIER CUP

Last year, Addison Pelletier gave a cup which is to be awarded to the girl who works the hardest and accomplishes the most in swimming during the year. Fay Brigham won it last spring.

SWIMMING

UNDER Miss Stuart's careful supervision, swimming progressed rapidly this winter. Practically everybody now knows how to swim, and the majority of these have, also, learned how to dive in various ways—as was well shown in the meet. This last annual event took place the night of March 20th, and makes all other similar meets look very small and insignificant in comparison.

The pool was decorated most attractively. On two sides were hung crepe paper streamers of blue, green, yellow, and white, and on one side four fish, in the colors of the four classes, were hung. Even the programs were fish, on the backs of which were written the names of the girls on the teams and the events which were to take place.

As only a few can be accommodated, just the faculty, the girls on the swimming squads who were not on the teams, and some of the officers could be invited, and the balcony was hard pressed to hold all of

these. Fortunately, however, the night was warm and clear, so the rest of the school body was allowed to go outside and watch through the windows.

When all had assembled, Isabel Creed gave a prologue which she had written for the occasion. Then came the swimmers, who speedily proved themselves worthy of that title in every sense of the word. I shall not attempt to describe their feats singly, but suffice it to say that never before have the spectators of an M. V. S. swimming meet beheld such excellent form displayed in both the swimming and the diving. Each one is most deserved of the highest praise, of which Miss Stuart may also claim a large share. The captains of the Senior, Junior, Yellow, and White teams were, respectively, Gwendolyn Atwood, Mary Searles, Virginia Watts, and Mary Lillian Uppercu. The managers were Helen Young, Billie Marsh, Genevieve Stewart, and Jane Quilhot. The original teams were as follows:

Senior	*Yellows*
Gwendolyn Atwood	Virginia Watts
Rosemary Ames	Genevieve Stewart
Ruth Martin	Virginia Martindale
Dorothy Davidson	Jane Reilly
Jane Connell	Katherine Archibald
Junior	*Whites*
Mary Searles	Mary Lillian Uppercu
Billie Marsh	Janet Macdonald
Catherine DeArmand	Laura Newburger
Pauline Gaut	Mary Dawes
	Frances Cocroft
	Margaret Dawes

The following were the Senior substitutes in the meet: Virginia Roediger, Pat Healy, Hortense Coyle, and Julia Hase.

The events and the winners of these events were:

Forty yard free style----------Billie Marsh
Form swim----------Yellows and Whites



Obstacle race----------Frances Cocroft
Diving----------Juniors
Twenty yard back stroke----------Virginia Watts
Dodge ball----------Whites
Sixty yard relay----------Yellows

The score was most exciting, for it resulted in nearly a tie between the Juniors and Yellows. The Yellows won, however, with sixteen points. The Juniors received fifteen and the Whites eight.





OPTIMA CLUB

Honorary Members: Miss Cole, Miss Hill

President----------Elizabeth Paxton
Vice-President----------Genevieve Stewart
Treasurer----------Harriet Snider
Secretary----------Rosemary Ames

Rosemary Ames
Elizabeth Bennett
Florence Birch
Elizabeth Burgoyne
Miranda Boyd
Elizabeth Burdell
Alice Campbell
Hortense Coyle
Helen Curtis
Isabel Creed
Elizabeth Davison
Marian Gaffney
Beulah Gibbons
Eleanore Haigh
Eleanor Hayden
Anne Hearne
Nan Kolbe
Ruth Martin
Berenice Maxwell
Esther Hillett
Mary Morton
Elizabeth Paxton
Virginia Roediger
Harriet Snider
Genevieve Stewart
Mary Strachan
Anne Wilcoxson
Anne Young
Helen Young
Renate Zimmers





FRENCH CLUB

Honorary Member: Mme. Eleanore Peltier

President----------Harriet Snider
Vice-President----------Rosemary Ames
Secretary----------Mary Morton
Treasurer----------Hortense Coyle

Louise Aldrich
Rosemary Ames
Gwendolyn Atwood
Jean Barker
Miranda Boyd
Florence Birch
Hortense Coyle
Mary Cunningham
Deborah Fredericks
Eleanore Haigh
Frances Heckert
Patricia Healy
Mary Morton
Elizabeth Paxton
Harriet Snider
Mary Louise Succop





WALKING CLUB

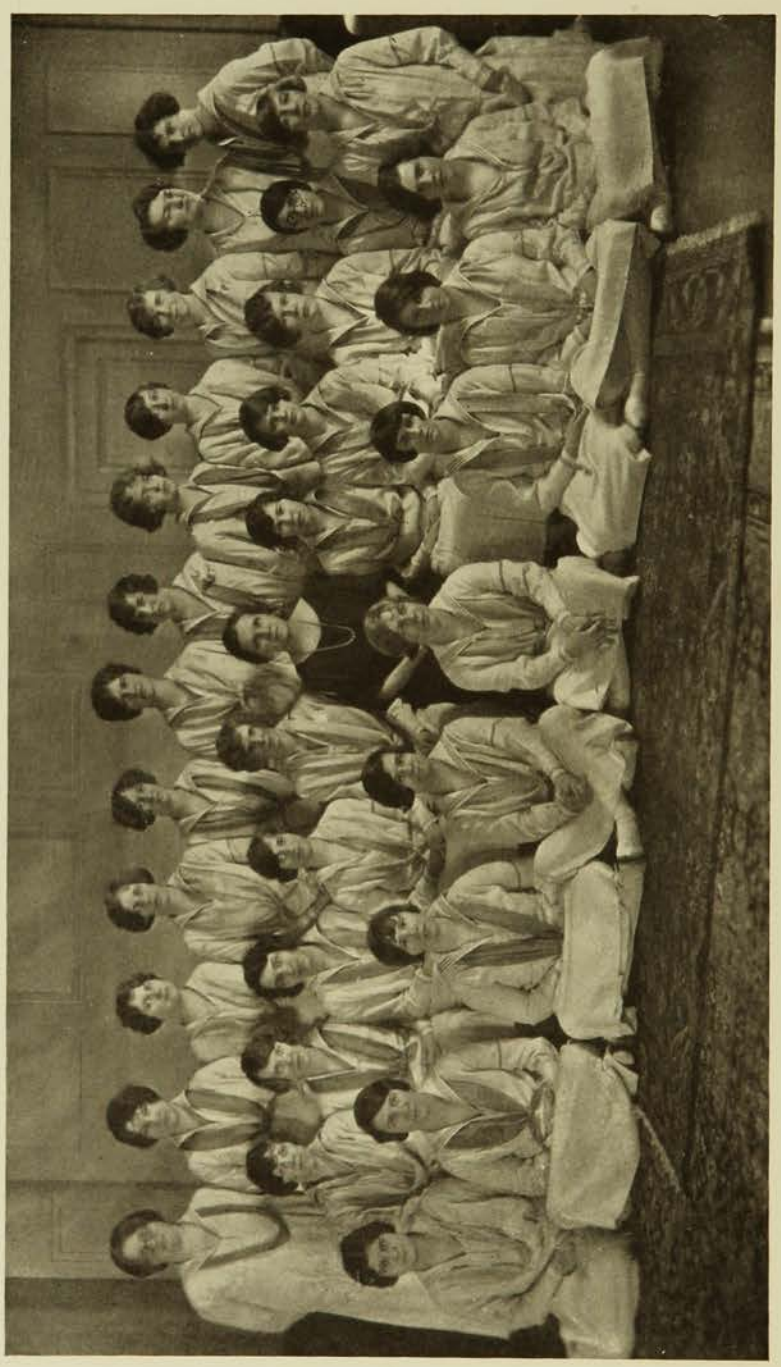
Honorary Members: Miss Cole, Miss Cook, Miss Guard

*President*_____Patricia Healy
*Secretary and Treasurer*_____Anne Wilcoxson

Louise Aldrich
Sarah Banks
Jean Barker
Miranda Boyd
Elizabeth Burdell
Elizabeth Burgoyne
Emma Carter
May Dunlap
Emily Evatt
Idalia Fratt
Mary Louise Gaut
Beulah Gibbons
Hulda Hayssen
Patricia Healy
Marie Horst
Gladys Karel
Eleanor Linn
Mary Ann Peacock
Elizabeth Paxton
Virginia Roediger
Harriet Snider
Mary Louise Succop
Virginia Watts
Ann Wilcoxson

Julia Hase





CHORAL CLUB

Director——Mrs. A. K. Payne
President——Gwendolyn Atwood
Vice-President——Ruth Martin
Secretary-Treasurer——Berenice Maxwell

SOPRANOS

Esther Myers
Elizabeth Roberts
Elizabeth Paxton
Jane Connell
Nan Kolbe
Margaret Dawes
Elizabeth Huntington
Eleanor Marsh
Pauline Meyer
Ruth Martin
Eleanor Haigh
Harriet Snider

Julia Hase

SECOND SOPRANOS

Gwendolyn Atwood
Ruth Gildersleeve
Dorothy Fulton
Berenice Maxwell
Kathryn Ferguson
Miriam Robertson
Eleanor Hayden
Eleanor Miller

Beulah Gibbons

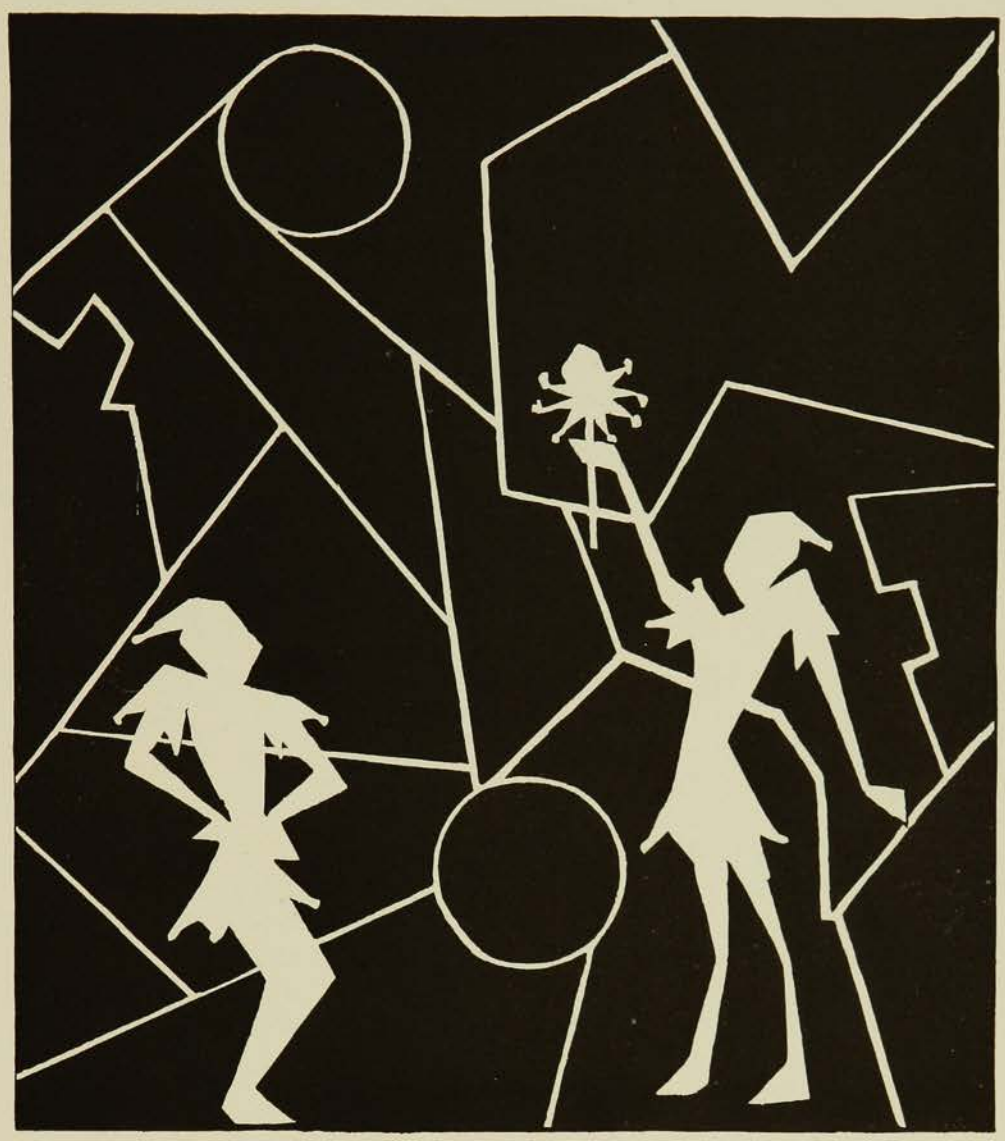
ALTOS

Barbeau Myers
Alice Robinson
Patricia Healy
Emily Evatt
Esther Millett
Renate Zimmers

Barbara Metz







JOKES

CATCHY NUMBERS OF THIS SEASON

O, Dat Golden Jubilee_____Miss Cole
Tea for Two_____Miss Martin
Oh, Baby_____Miss Walker
The Lost Chord_____Mrs. Rickett
On the Alimentary Canal_____Miss Treyz
Me and the Boy-Friend_____Miss Cook
Southern Rose_____Miss Stuart
The French Lesson_____Mme. Peltier
Spain_____ Senorita
Hard-Hearted Hannah_____Miss Hanna
Where's My Sweetie Hiding_____Miss Blakeslee
My Best Girl_____Miss Churchyard
Because They All Love You_____Miss Davis

DANCING SCHOOL ONCE MORE

One Saturday night at just quarter of eight
The girls all assembled, not one dared be late,
In the great hall—the rugs were rolled out,
The floor was quite bare—what was it about?
Miss Cole introduced Miss Thomas, and then
She taught us to dance until almost ten.
We walked two by two, we waltzed and we whirled,
We fox-trotted, one-stepped—through tangoes we swirled.
One foot in between us—"You hold far too tight;"
"Don't hunch up your shoulders." "Your heads hold just right"
"Each girl must try leading—now don't say you can't"
"You dance far too crudely, so fast that you pant."
So on and so forth till ten, as I said,
To end it, we courtesied and then went to bed.

Miss Craig—Miss Jones, what is work?
Millie (stretching and opening one eye)—Everything's work.
Miss Craig (irritated)—Do you mean to say this table is work?
Millie (closing eyes and resuming slumber)—Sure. Wood-work.



HEARD FROM BEHIND A SICK-SIGN

Is the mail here?
What time's gym?
Who's in bed?
Betty-Wynn, have you seen Dee?
Mary, play "All Alone."
Walk with me.
I'm a wreck!
What's *that* bell for?
Yipe!
You owe me fifty cents.
I'm so pepped!
Special for Miss Young!
Max! Telephone!

WHAT WOULD SCHOOL BE WITHOUT—

Liz's laugh.
Max's 'phone calls.
Beanie's specials.
Mimi's crushes.
Pegg's notes.
Strach and Toad.
Rosie's puns.
Our Southern colony.

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It's All the Same To Me----------Meredith
The Slave of Love----------Peggy Jeffery
Red Hot Mamma----------Gwen
Panama Mamas----------Marguerite Herrick
Who Tends the Doortender's Daughter When the Doortender's Busy Tending Door----------Joe Pease



JOSEPHINE DUMBELL WANTS TO KNOW—

1. If we will be marked for using rouge in French class?
2. If we'll be marked off for beads of perspiration?
3. Why we can't have dates in our rooms?
4. Why we dress for Gym?
5. Why Dr. Little isn't expelled for rolling the bones?
6. If ash blonds are necessarily hot headed?
7. Why Miss Cole insists that if Monday is a week day, no permission for shopping on Saturday will be granted?
8. Why, when told to order a course dinner, she can't ask for bran muffins?
9. If Firpo is Edgar Allen's first cousin?

Pat—Am I a little pale?
Jane—No, you're a big tub.

One of Rosie's Best—The man that invented life-savers made a mint.

Boot-black—Light or dark, Miss?
Howard (absorbed in Einstein)—I'm not particular, but don't give me the neck.

Favorite Song of the Ducks—"Waddle I Do."

SHAKESPEARE AND THE DEBUTANTES

"Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter."—*King Lear.*

"Give me that hand of yours to kiss."—*Winter's Tale.*

"Some woman had the right."

"No, by my honor, madam—no woman had it!"—*Merchant of Venice.*

" 'Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil."—*Macbeth.*

"A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature."—*Othello.*



"I would not for the world they saw thee here."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"She as her attendant hath a lovely boy."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Wear this for me."—*As You Like It.*

"Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard."—*The Tempest.*

"Would'st not play false, and yet would'st wrongly win."—*Macbeth.*

"Sweet ladies, if I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me."—*Henry VIII.*

"She hangs about his neck."—*Winter's Tale.*

"Against her lips I love."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"How goes the night, boy?"—*Macbeth.*

"Thy lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand to smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"Is not this man jealous?"—*Othello.*

FLORENCE W. BIRCH.

Jean Barker—Who's the smallest man in history?
Liz—I give up.
Jean—The Roman Soldier who went to sleep on his watch.

Helen Curtis—What does a date remind you of?
Emily—Two people.
Helen—No, that's a pair.

Member of Psychology Class—And has the baby learned to talk yet?

Miss Walker (talking of beloved niece)—My, yes—we're teaching her how to be quiet now.

We know a girl here who is so red-headed she uses lipstick for an eyebrow pencil—Know her?

"You make my blood boil," cried the lobster indignantly to the hot water.

"I can't make my grades," said Barbeau as she shifted into second.



So much for appearances—everyone thought her very intellectual when she spoke familiarly of Plutarch's lives. But it didn't mean a thing. Plutarch was her cat.

Peggy Morrow (in Biology exam)—A carbohydrate is an animal without a backbone.

(Listening to a long-winded lecturer)

Mortie—Look at that woman's figure.
Sarah—Fierce, isn't it?
Mortie—Yeah, nothing but a figure of speech.

Jane Connell (temporarily encumbered by a cast on her leg—these early morning drills get one down)—I've been scribbling on my cast.
Miss Carroll—Foot notes, eh?

Hattie—M'gosh, what a long tunnel we're going through.
Burgoyne—This ain't no tunnel—it's Pittsburgh.

Our idea of hard luck is when a man works for his board and then loses his appetite.

Mary had a little dog
It was a noble pup
It stood upon its hind legs
When you held its front legs up.

Desdemona—Aren't we going to the movies tonight, Othello dear?
Othello (sullenly reaching for cushion)—No, s'mother time.

Old Lady—But why do you use such obscene language?
Russian Kid—I was born near the mouth of the Volga.

Bennett—I've lived on vegetables for two weeks.
Strach—That's nothing—I've lived on earth for 20 years.



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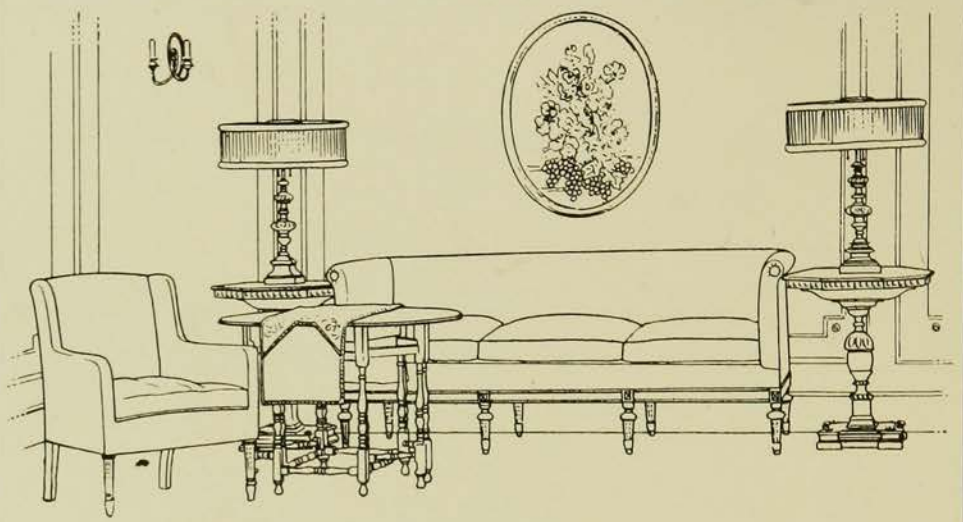
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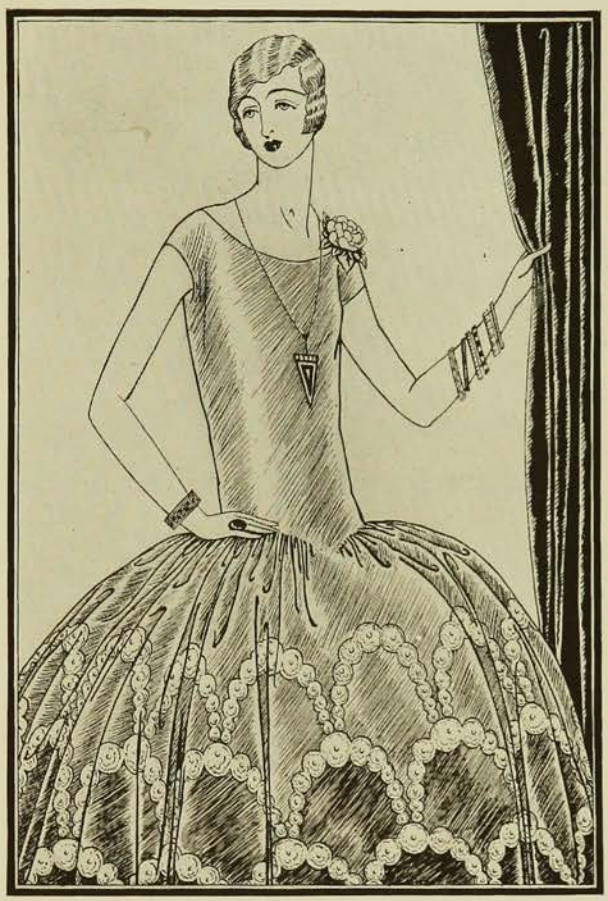
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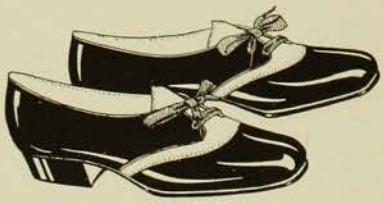
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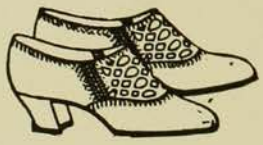
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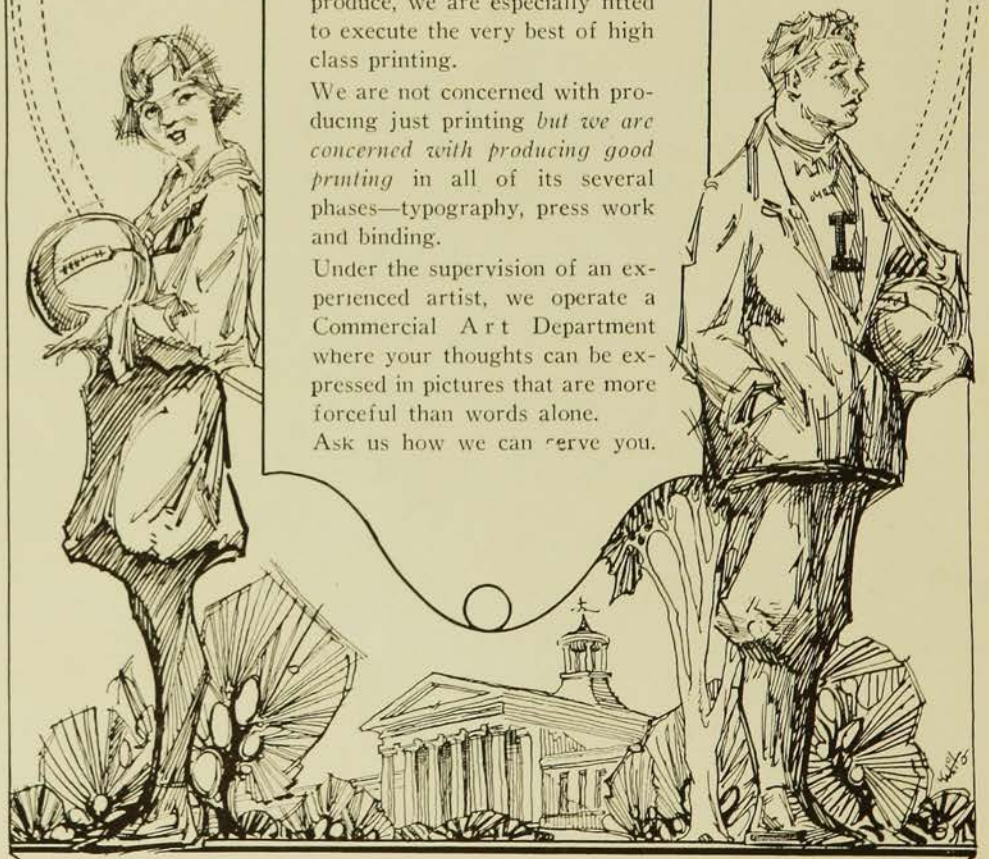
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